Saturday Review

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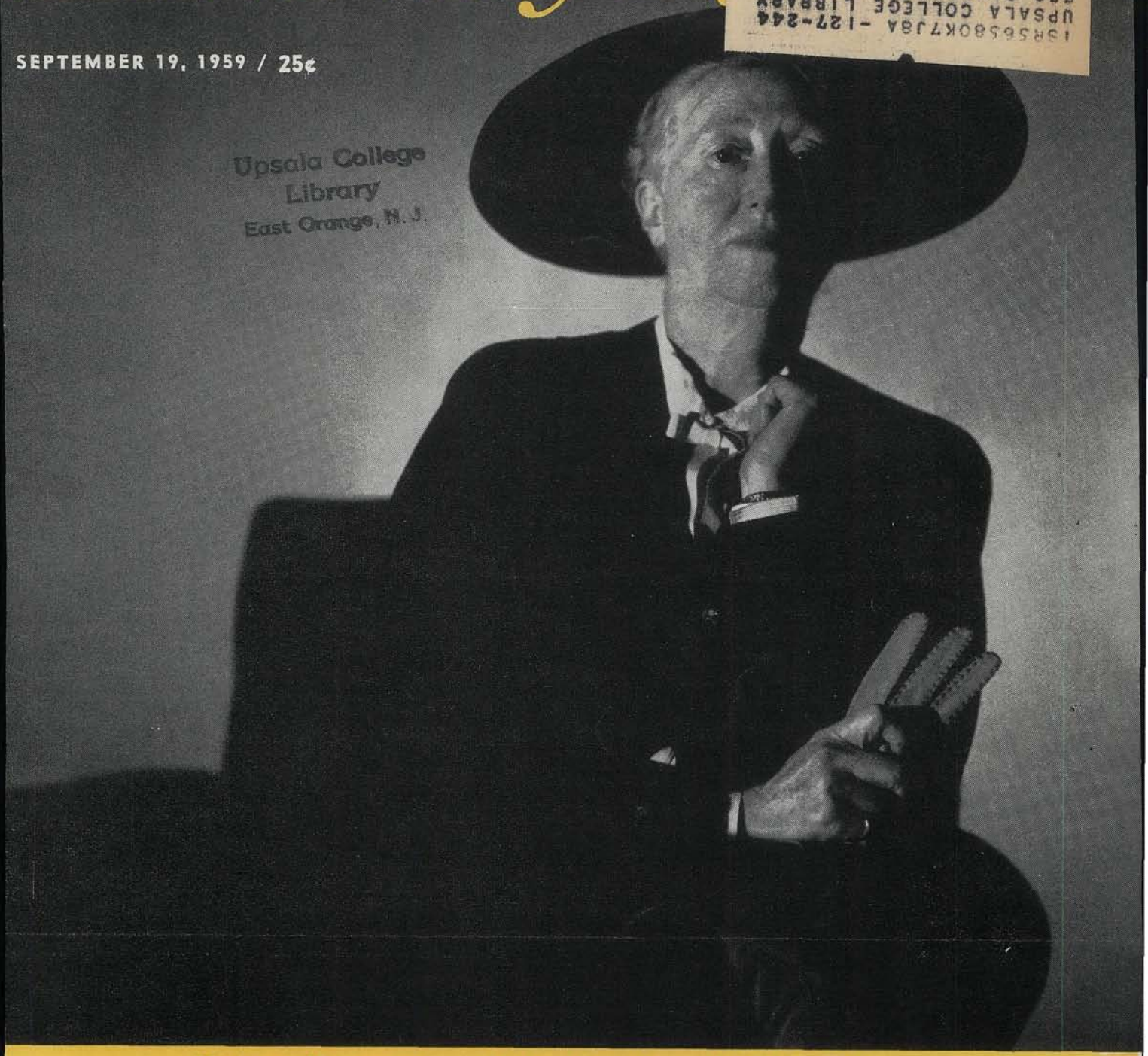

Marianne Moore, author of "O to Be a Dragon." (SEE BOOKS)

THE ENVIRONMENT OF POETRY
By John Ciardi

"FROM THE MORGENTHAU DIARIES," by John Morton Blum
Reviewed by Jonathan Daniels

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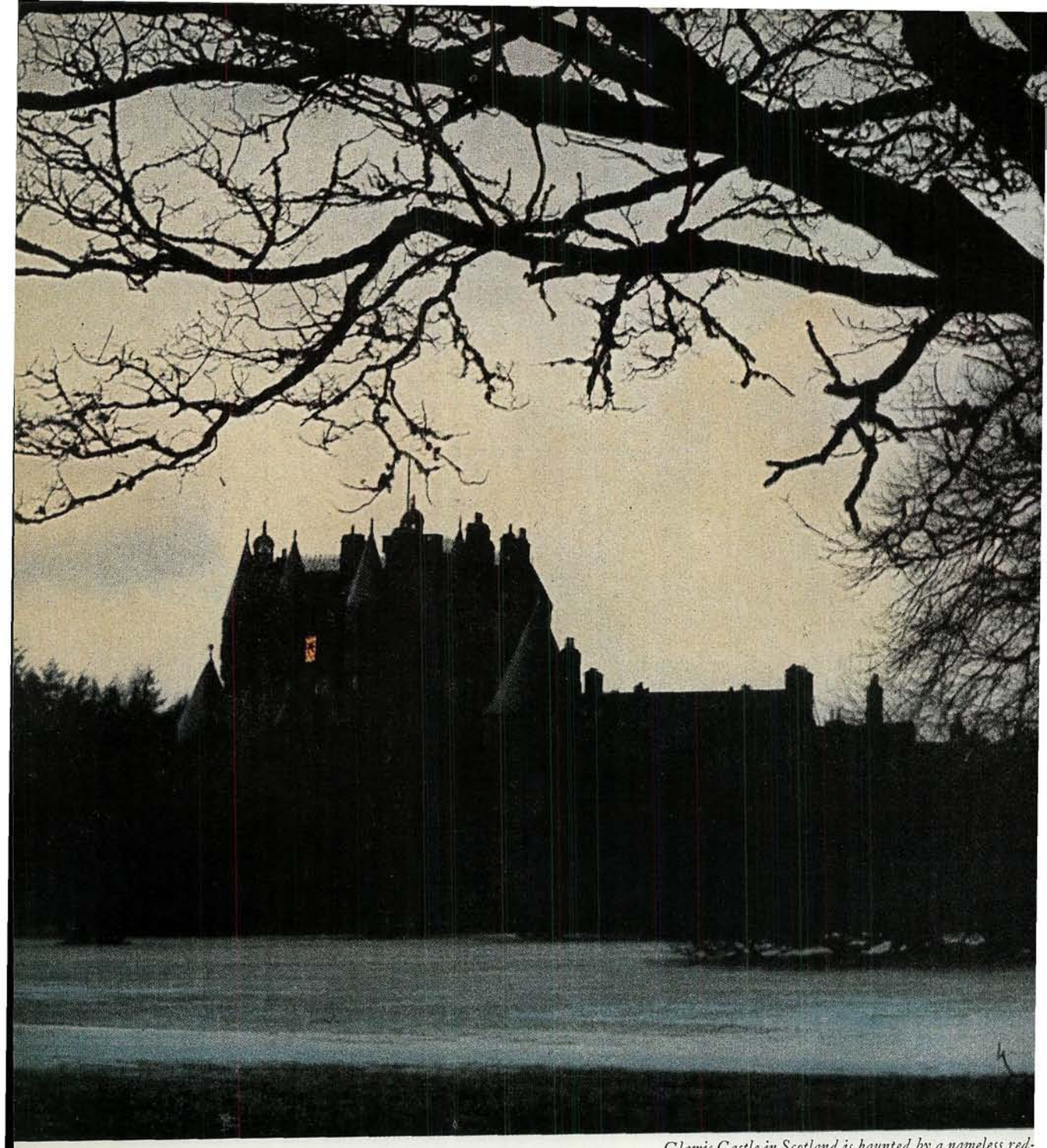

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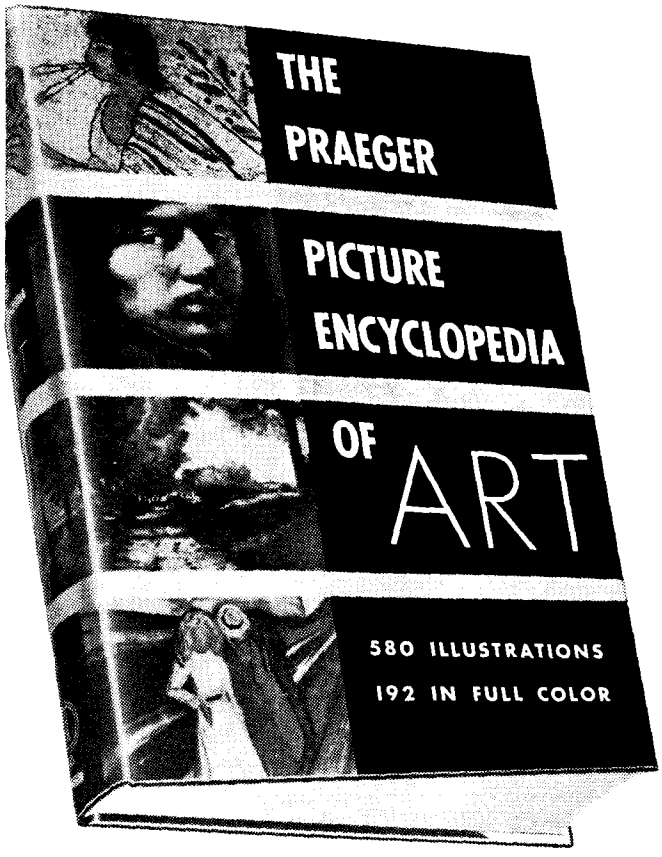

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SEPTEMBER 19, 1959

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IRISH WHISKEY: HOW TO ASK FOR IT BY NAME

[VOL. II № III]

There is already too much confusion and embarrassment in the world. We [The Whiskey Distillers of Ireland] do not wish to lay on any more. This is why we avoid complicated or non-descriptive names for drinks containing the burnished, emphatic elegancy of Irish Whiskey. It is easier to devise names like "Killarney Kiss", "Mother's Lament", "Sligo Sling", or "Bloody Bridey" than it is to get grown men to order them at the saloon. Women are another matter entirely; they will order anything. A good example is to be found in the sandwiches and ice cream confections featured in American "drugstores". A male will go hungry before enunciating the dread words "Cosmopolitan", or "Harem-Scarem Supreme". The ladies not only can say these names and worse ones but will actually enquire as to the ingredients of each before deciding which! Men detest and refuse to ask such degrading questions and more power to them.

What follows, then, is a partial glossary or compendium of Irish Whiskey drinks. The men's column consists of straightforward, self-explanatory titles. The women's column suggests more evocative equivalents for these self-same potions. Or you can order by number.

[MEN]	[WOMEN]
[1] IRISH WHISKEY or just IRISH	[1] IRISH DELIGHT or just IRISH
[2] IRISH COFFEE	[2] IRISH COFFEE
[3] IRISH TEA	[3] IRISH TEA (see remarks below)
[4] IRISH WATER	[4] ANNA LIFFEY HIGHBALL
[5] IRISH SODA	[5] ALIVE, ALIVE-O
[6] IRISH BEEF TEA	[6] MAIDEN'S PRAYER
[7] IRISH ICE (or) IRISH UPON THE ROCKS	[7] WHEN IRISH ICE ARE SMILING (or) BLARNEY STONE
[8] IRISH MILK	[8] APPLE BLOSSOM PUNCH
[9] IRISH GINGER ALE	[9] SWEET MOLLY MALONE
[10] IRISH OLD FASHIONED	[10] NEW FANGLED
[11] IRISH SOUR	[11] BITTERSWEET FRAPPÉ
[12] _____	[12] _____
[13] _____	[13] _____

Remarks: The blank lines are for your convenience as you think of addenda to this basic list. Should you need more space, you may affix a blank piece of foolscap to the bottom of the page with flour paste. All of the drinks above invariably call for Irish Whiskey. The sole exception seems to be Irish Tea and that only at the Buena Vista Cafe in San Francisco where Irish Coffee itself made its debut in the Western world. There if one orders Irish "Tea" and simultaneously waggles one's eyebrows one is given [reluctantly, we hope] Irish Coffee with the whiskey withheld. A dreadful thought. Presumably if one *really* wishes Irish Tea — a most tasty concoction, by the way — one must say "Irish Tea with tea, please".

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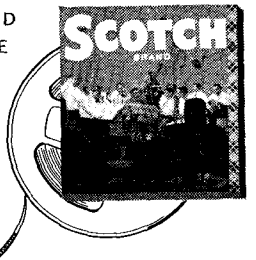

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THE PHOENIX NEST

Edited by Martin Levin

EPITAPH

Here he lies moulding;
His dying was hard—
They shot him for folding
An IBM card.

—LESLIE MELLICHAMP.

• • •

CAMBODIA, I LOVED THEE WELL

AMONG THE PAINFUL aspects of a shifting world, the abandonment of familiar place-names, with its effect upon the arts, may perhaps be outstanding. Most change requires adjustment, and eventually, I suppose, one makes the necessary sacrifice. Certainly I was able to enjoy, not once but twice, the cheerful book, musical, and movie, "Anna and the King of Thailand." On the other hand, I've had no luck in lashing my young to take more than a bored glance at that splendid old collection of legend, "The Iraqi Nights." Moreover, they have rejected the modernized version, "The Saudi Arabian Nights." The subject fails to interest them; the locale, they feel, is notable mainly for oil, and dangerous. For recreation they prefer to go on playing with their Ankara goat and their Iranian cats, giving occasional attention to a Thailanese kitten lately acquired, and for culture resort to such musical standbys as "In an Iranian Market," "The Sheik of Saudi Iraq," and "Is-tan-a-bu-ul, I-S-T-A-N-B-U-L."

It is my pleasure to live a czechoslovakian sort of life, but I must confess that I miss the old days of bohemianism. Surely this altered nomenclature has played its sad part in the corruption of Greenwich Village, which once rang to the merry lunacies of Maxwell Bodenheim and Joe Gould, and is now an uneasy haven of goggled beatniks reciting gibberish to the unrhythmic plucking of de-tuned zithers. Other facets of the revolution are less disturbing. In the Soviet-improved "War and Peace," I have become accustomed to people leaping into troikas and (forsaking St. Petersburg) heading off toward the riotous high-life of Leningrad. The fact that tomorrow, they may well be heading for Khrushchevgrad should in no way lessen one's enjoyment of today's version.

Revisions, Revisions, Revisions

Man and boy, I have begun and been forced to discard odes to Montenegro, Serbia, Palestine, Croatia-Slavonia, French Indo-China, Cambodia, Bosnia, Hercegovina, Eritrea, and the Neutral Zone south of Kuwait. Needless to say, the experiences proved traumatic, and in fact ended my usefulness as a professional poet.

In the aggregate, it will be charged, the foregoing are trivial complaints, coming as they do from an intermittent New Yorker who was perfectly happy walking down Sixth Avenue.

—ROBERT LEWIS TAYLOR.

• • •

OPERA: PLAY BY PLAY

First Act: Orchestra led off and quickly succumbed to dazzling barrage of change-ups. For the Singers, Tenor aria'd sharply to right. Coloratura shot a piercing liner that suddenly fizzled and dropped short. Soprano belted long, long one pulled down by Claque in deep center.

Second Act: Conductor lost control temporarily, and Intermezzo walked. Opposition was then retired in short order, baffled by pitches.

Perennially popular Basso Buffo, trying out new, wide stance, went down swinging wildly. Soubrette fanned. Soprano bounced out. Tenor balked.

Third Act: Orchestra came up for last licks. Tuba dragged one down the line, got thrown out. Trombone popped up.

Tenor lifted high one that got lost but was finally nabbed by Prompter in brilliant running shoe-string catch. Soprano pulled sharply to left, but Claque, who was truly everywhere last night, took it in. Then Coloratura, after fouling off what seemed innumerable notes, slammed a high C into the top deck to end the game.

—R. P. BRICKNER.

• • •

OH, HENRIK!

THE OTHER NIGHT I was watching a television production of "The Ransom of Red Chief." As my eyelids grew heavy, I noticed that the locale had been transposed from South to North, the kidnappers had become buncombe artists, and the little hellion of O. Henry's masterpiece was now a

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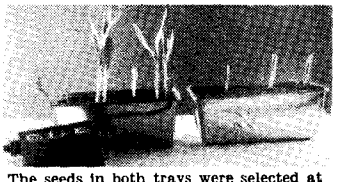

The seeds in both trays were selected at random, then grown under identical conditions. *Only the seeds in the tray at the left received the benefits of "mind power."* After a three-week interval the tray which had received this special attention showed plants two to three times the size of those in the tray which had been ignored.

Dr. Loehr's extraordinary experiments have been reported with great excitement in newspapers and magazines across the country. TIME Magazine said, "The Rev. Franklin Loehr and his Religious Research Foundation are off to a flying start!" The Tulsa World wrote, "I doubt if anyone who studies the laboratory photographs could ever be complacent about prayer again. The fact that the power of prayer has been proved scientifically in the laboratory is exciting!" Now *you* will want to read this amazing volume yourself and see why thousands of readers have been stirred by Dr. Loehr's findings.

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Sunday school pillar. Confounded by these renovations and by a piece of salt water taffy from which I had been trying to retrieve an expensive bit of dental work, I dozed off and dreamed the following:

SCENE: *A conference room in the offices of Talent, Ltd., television producers. Seated around an oversize coffee table are Nusskind, a producer, Brummagem, an advertising-agency executive, and Smeed, a writer.*

NUSSKIND: Now this great Swiss classic, "Ghosts," which I am sure we have all individually and collectively devoured with our cranium at one time or another—should be given a real gutsy and ethereal production. Am I correct in my presupposition, gentlemen?

BRUMMAGEM: The commercials . . .

NUSSKIND: With certainty. The commercials should be most assuredly gutsy and ethereal, too. And as forced and imponderable as the immortal Ibsen himself would have wanted them. But about the original play—I have momentarily lapsed as to the libretto. Could you give us, in your own verbiage, Smeed, a hangnail sketch of the story line?

SMEED: Well, there's this boy Oswald, he's the juvenile. His father was a lush and he thinks . . .

NUSSKIND: Lush? You mean to impart that he had been known to overindulge in auto-intoxicating libations?

SMEED: Worse. Girls too . . .

NUSSKIND: Well, I don't mean to play Mrs. Bundy—but let's give Oswald's dad another kind of emotional problem. How about if he was lonely?

SMEED: Well . . . anyhow, Oswald is crazy for Regina the parlor maid whom he doesn't know is really his sister. So when they get engaged, his mother has to tell him the facts. And also he happens to have inherited a social disease.

NUSSKIND: No problem there. Except that we'll have it that Regina isn't really his sibling. And of course Oswald can't be incurable. Might offend the penicillin folks. Let's just make him a dope addict and have a real upbeat ending . . . with cold turkey and a big wedding. How's that?

SMEED: Gee, there may be a couple of bugs in the adaptation.

NUSSKIND: (*Rising*) I'm sure you can vanquish and superimpose them, Smeed. (*Looking at his watch*) Drat it! I'm late for *Ad Infinitum,* my discussion show.

BRUMMAGEM: What are you discussing tonight, Nuss?

NUSSKIND: Censorship on television. And boy, are we going to give those bluestockings the what for! —M. L.

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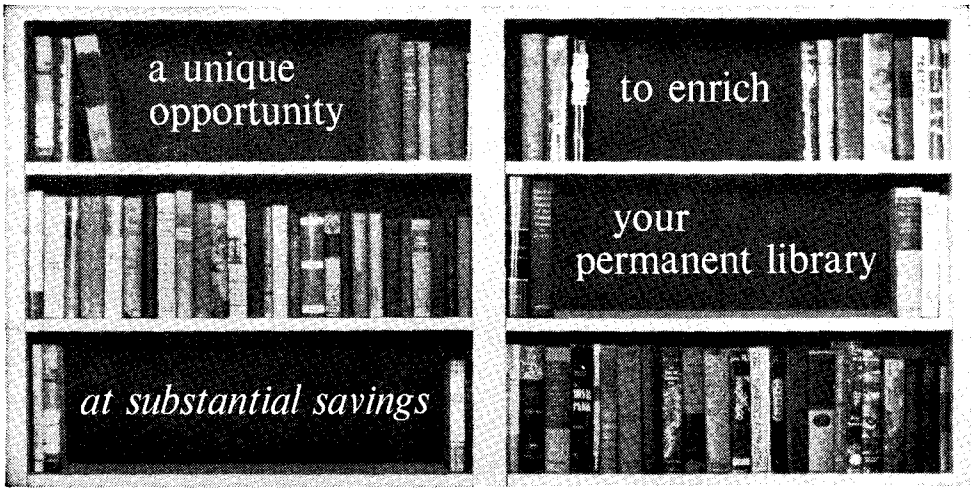

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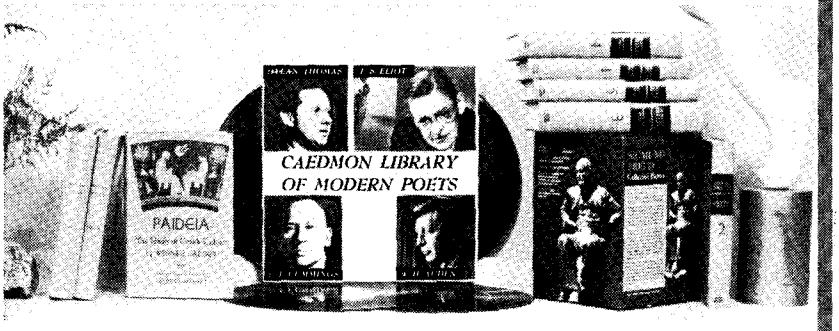

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TRADE Winds

ON ONE PARTICULAR bar car of the New Haven Railroad, the bar is not attached securely to the floor. When the train reaches the sharp curve in the track near Rye, New York, the bar often lurches over, spilling drinks and causing confusion.

One night a regular commuter was riding home in that car with a guest, who was astonished to have his host say to him, "You may not believe it, but the bar is going to fall over in two minutes."

It fell right on schedule, just as they hit the curve.

ACCORDING TO THE casting news in the trade paper *Variety*, a musical comedy to be entitled "Saturday Night" is apparently getting ready for rehearsal and the producers are looking for people to fill these parts:

Femme lead, twenties, fine singer-actress.

Femme, mid-twenties edition of Joan Blondell, good sense of sarcasm.

Male, sixteen, baby-faced, innocent but also impudent and fresh type.

Male, Tony Perkins type.

Male, prissy secretarial type.

Male, twenty-five, assured, comfortable personality, married.

Male, play piano, sing and dance.

Male, party promoter, manager.

Male, twenty, law student, glib.

Male, twenty-five to thirty, about six feet, balding, married into money, character, Brooklynite.

Male, aggressive loan shark.

Male, large physically, not too bright, tough.

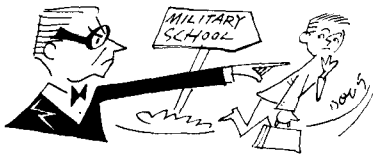
Two femmes, eighteen to twenty-one, dance and sing.

Male, agent of elegant apartments.

I HAVE LAIN AWAKE many a Saturday night trying to imagine how the show will come out. I've got the femme lead settling down with the Perkins imitation after some misunderstanding in an elegant apartment involving her with Comfortable Personality, Married. Tony has trouble, too, with the Sarcastic Femme who sort of lures him astray and gets him mixed up with Aggressive Loan Shark. Glib Law Student thinks up tricky, legal method of saving Tony.

The Dancing and Singing Femmes end up with GLS and Party Promoter and Manager. Incidentally, Joan Blondell falls for Aggressive Loan Shark and decides to reform him. The Male Piano Player is like they always are: gay and full of fun at parties, but really crying on the inside and Will Never Love Again.

I don't know what to do with that



Impudent Baby Face except to send him off to military school. As for the Brooklynite Character, Six-Foot, Balding, etc., all I can do is give the part to Sonny Tufts and let it go at that.

WHILE WE'RE ON Broadway it might be the time to pass on something I heard recently. The producers of the hit "The Music Man" tried to buy a ten-second TV commercial. It was to consist of a screen that would appear blank for that period of time, with an announcer's voice saying: "These ten seconds of blessed relief are brought to you by 'The Music Man' at the Majestic Theatre."

The idea was nixed by the television station on the grounds that "a blank screen creates anxiety among viewers who may think that something's wrong with their sets."

IN CONJUNCTION WITH the fiftieth anniversary of Hallmark Cards, Doubleday will publish next year a "Hallmark Book of Verse," which will contain the favorite works of poetry of the firm's employees and contributors. It is the world's largest greeting-card company, you know, and it is said that no other group has as wide a familiarity with American tastes in verse and poetry as the employees and affiliates of Hallmark.

Whether this reflects credit on our poetic standards, I wouldn't know. I do know that of the 800 verses that have been nominated to date, a poem called "Trees" by Joyce Kilmer has been the most oft mentioned. Kipling's "If" is right in the running, with the Twenty-third Psalm at its heels. There will be 1,000 poems in the book, although I am sure there will be some relief from these front-runners. After all, Ogden Nash voted for Edward Lear's "The Pobble Who Had No

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Toes," and someone else named "Roses Are Red" and "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star."

After all, if you have to dig up a thousand beloved poems, you can't be too fussy.

HOW ABOUT PUBLISHING a "Golden Trashery," containing poems which could find no place to be printed except TRADE WINDS? I would start with this one from Dick Armour, who wrote it after reading that Ernest Hemingway said in an interview: "There isn't anything good being written nowadays. People are reading trash."

Life is real and life is Ernest,
And Pappy, at his very sternest,
Says people pay out hard-earned cash
For literary tripe and trash
When, if they only knew it, they
Could all be reading Hemingway.

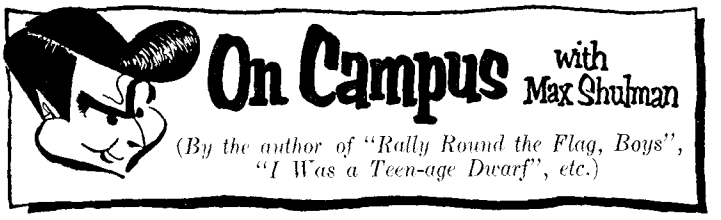
VINCENT PRICE TELLS me he wrote "I Like What I Know" (Doubleday) on planes and trains while keeping lecture dates. He used up forty-eight ball-point pens. "My next book is going to be about ball-point pens," he promises.

Price has talked to 250,000 people in the last three years on subjects such as Van Gogh's letters to his brother, the modern renaissance, "An Actor's Life for Me," and "Three American Voices: Whitman, Whistler and Williams." (Tennessee, that is.)

When he's not traveling for lecturing, acting, or collecting art, Vincent Price and his wife live an active life

in California, where you might catch him standing on the end of a pier fishing for blackfish. "I love Southern California because it's the only place where everything hasn't been done," he says. "Now we're building a zoo and a museum for the first time."

Price did something for the first time last New Year's Eve when his home, along with many others, was threatened by a forest fire. All inhabitants were ordered to evacuate the area at once. With only a moment to collect his thoughts, he stood in front of his desk and hesitated only a second before stuffing two things in his pockets: a traffic summons and a small reproduction of a Goya print. On the way out of the kitchen he grabbed a jar of caviar. In the meantime, his wife had dumped all the silverware in the swimming pool. They jumped in



ANOTHER YEAR, ANOTHER DOLLAR

Today I begin my sixth year of writing this column for the makers of Philip Morris and Marlboro Cigarettes. For this I get money.

Not, let me hasten to state, that payment is necessary. "Sirs," I said a few days ago to the makers of Philip Morris and Marlboro, "if I can introduce America's college men and women to Philip Morris and Marlboro, and thus enhance their happiness, heighten their zest, upgrade their gusto, magnify their cheer, and broaden their bliss, there is no need to pay me because I am more than amply rewarded."

We wept then. I'm not ashamed to say it. WE WEPT! I wish the wiseacres who say big business is cold and heartless could have been there that day. I wish they could have seen the great, shimmering tears that splashed on the board room table. We wept, every man jack of us. The makers wept—the secretaries wept—I wept—my agent, Clyde Greedy, wept. We wept all.

"No, no!" cried the makers. "We insist on paying you."

"Oh, very well," I said, and the gloom passed like a summer shower. We laughed and we lit Philip Morrises and Marlboros—and some of us lit Alpines—which is a brand-new cigarette from the makers of Philip Morris and Marlboro—a fine new cigarette with a light touch of menthol and the rich taste of choice tobaccos and the longest filter yet devised. And if you are one who likes a fine new cigarette with a light touch of menthol and the rich taste of choice tobaccos and the longest filter yet devised, you would do well to ask for new king-size Alpines. If, on the other hand, you do not like menthol but do like better makin's and a filter that does what it's built for, ask for Marlboro. Or, if you don't like filters at all, but only mildness, ask for Philip Morris. Any way you play it, you're a winner.

But I digress. "Will you," said the makers of Philip Morris, Marlboro and Alpine, "write about the important issues that occupy the supple young minds of college America this year in your column?"

"But of course," I replied, with a kindly chuckle.

"And will you," asked the makers, "from time to time say a pleasant word about Philip Morris, Marlboro and Alpine?"

"Crazy kids!" I said with a wry grin, pushing my fist gently against their jaws. "You know I will."

And we all shook hands—silently, firmly, manlily. And I left, dabbing my eyes, with my agent, and hurried to the nearest typewriter.

"there's no need to pay me..."

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* * *

The makers of Philip Morris, Marlboro and Alpine take great pleasure in bringing you another year of this uncensored, free-wheeling column.

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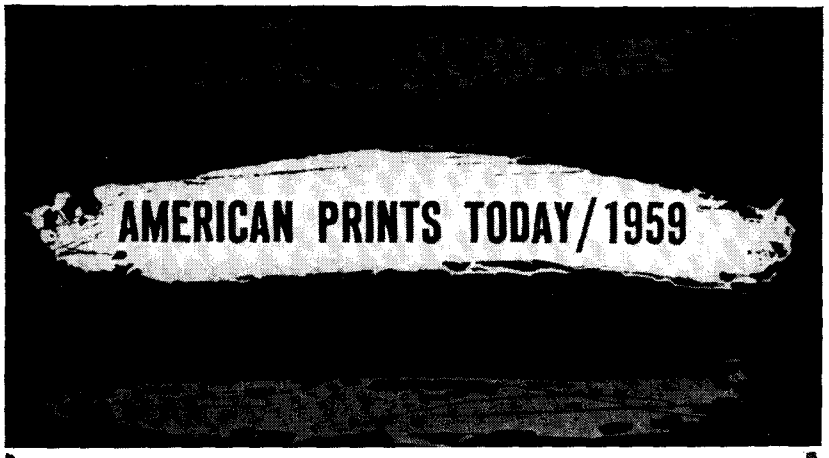

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the car and escaped, taking one last look at their beautiful home.

The house was saved, but they still can't explain Price's spur-of-the-moment behavior.

IDDZIES AND ODDZIES: The New York Racing Association doesn't seem to share the Pentagon's fears of our imminent destruction. It has just finished spending $33,000,000 to build "the new Aqueduct," a huge, modern race track near Idlewild airport with accommodations for 80,000 persons to bet, eat, and watch the races. While they were telling me about Aqueduct, I also found out that there are rules about naming Thoroughbred horses. No name can be more than sixteen letters including the spaces; no commercialism is allowed, that is, you can't name a horse Pepsi-Cola, for instance; and you can't name a horse after a living person without his consent.

► Award of the Month, given by this column to that American citizen who tried to say the most and said the least: to Mrs. John Kennedy, mother of one small tot, who proclaimed, "There are too many theories about rearing children. I believe simply in love, security, and discipline."

► The Post Office is secretly trying to break up an insidious ring of corrupters of our morals. These criminals are sending pornography through the mails, but have hit upon a legal stratagem that has kept them from running afoul of the law. They mail half at a time. That is, you get your naughties in pieces, so that there are only two-letter words, for example, which appear perfectly harmless and senseless. In the next mail you get something just as innocuous. But when you fit it all together—wow! Four-letter words!

► I suppose you heard about the Dutch boy who pushed his mother off the cliff and then shouted to his brother, "Look, Hans, no Ma!"

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1329)

SKELLY WRIGHT:
COURT DECISION

(Federal Circuit Court, Louisiana)
It is a problem which will require the utmost . . . from all of us, of whatever race. But the magnitude of it may not nullify the principle: That we are, all of us, free-born Americans, with a right to make our way unfettered by sanctions imposed by man because of the work of God.

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Saturday Review
SEPTEMBER 19, 1959

THE ENVIRONMENT OF POETRY

In this week's Annual Accent on Poetry issue, SR's Poetry Editor, John Ciardi, continues his "Dialogue with the Audience" [SR Nov. 22, 1958]. In the present article, the Citizen, out of habit, wants the mystical process of writing a poem to make sense; the Poet is forced to argue that to make sense can be too shallow a thing to engage his best possibilities. For better or worse, the Poet must see the poem as an environment he must enter and respond to as it happens. The discussion ends with the raising of the point of how does a poem lead to knowledge. This will be the subject of a further dialogue in a future issue. Among the features in this issue are reviews of Marianne Moore's "O to Be a Dragon" and Marchette Chute's "Two Gentle Men: The Lives of George Herbert and Robert Herrick," and three pages of poetry.

By JOHN CIARDI

"TELL me," says the Citizen, "what do you do when you write a poem? What sort of human behavior goes into it? Do you have a firm idea when you sit down to the writing? Or do you wait for some sort of inspiration to tell you what to say?"

The Poet is always uneasy at this sort of questioning, especially when "inspiration" creeps into it. "What do you do for a living?" he asks the Citizen.

"I don't know what that has to do with my questions," says the Citizen, "but I'm a chemical engineer."

The Poet brightens. "That's better than I had hoped," he says.

But the Citizen looks wary. "Are you being condescending?" he says. "What's better than you had hoped?"

"I certainly am not being condescending. Why should I be?" says the Poet. "And what it has to do with your question is—in one word—*simultaneity*. As a chemical engineer you have to involve yourself in some very multiple and complicated calculations, calculations that require you to keep many things in mind *at the same time*.

"Now suppose I were to ask you to explain such a calculation to me. You obviously couldn't. You could probably explain it to another chemical engineer, but I lack the training that will allow me to join your thoughts both multiply and simultaneously."

"I half understand," says the Citizen, "but I'm still a bit lost in words."

"Let me try it in terms of music," says the Poet. "I am no expert in such matters, but join me in a guess. Let's say a composer has been wanting to write a symphony, and suddenly finds a first theme going in his head. He knows instantly that the theme is right for his purposes. It fills him with excitement. *This* is the theme he needs!

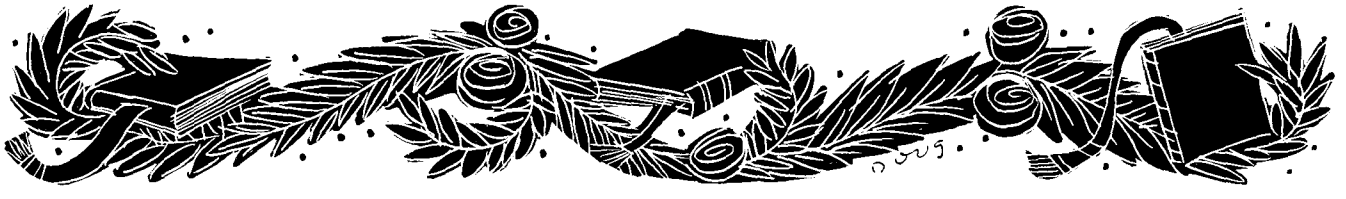
"He may be right or wrong as it works out later, but what are the sources of his excitement? I should guess that his thoughts must certainly include very complicated awarenesses of hundreds of very technical matters. Among other things, he must be reacting to some sense of the harmonic, contrapuntal, and orchestral possibilities of that theme. Note, too, that it must certainly be the *possibilities* he feels: there are no actualities as yet.

"How could that composer hope to explain his excited sense of right possibility to a person who has not studied harmony, orchestration, and counterpoint? And one must not only have studied those subjects, but he must have mastered them so thoroughly that he need not parse them out. Rather, he must *feel* the total impact of many complicated thoughts at once.

"Obviously, he must not stop to ask himself these questions any more than a pole vaulter must stop in midleap to count the muscles he is using. His business now is to act, to perform his sense of possibility in all of its excitement."

"And that's the way the poet does it?" says the Citizen.

"At the first moment of the writing, yes. Or so I believe. Later, in the sweating hours of revision, he must



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work in a more plodding way. He must still account for all his multiplicities, but he is not under the same compulsion to keep the mood going. His first capture, I think, must be the rhythm, and the rhythm requires that he go with it. Once the rhythm is caught on paper, he can leave it and return to it. One writes from the inside and revises from the outside.

"But in that first urgent inside moment, the poet has no choice but to trust himself. The poem, in one sure sense, is written out of all the wastebaskets the poet has previously filled. In writing thousands of previous poems, he has, to whatever extent, made the medium his."

"I see that," says the Citizen. "I've had something of that same sense in finding the solution to a tough problem: you work yourself into the blind staggers, give up in despair, and then suddenly, while you're shaving or mowing the lawn, the whole answer pops into your head in one lovely shape."

The Poet smiles. "Who's the poet now?"

"One more remark like that," says the Citizen, "and I'll know you're condescending."

"No," says the Poet, "I must insist that I wasn't and am not. I only mean to endorse whatever it is that pops lovely shapes into the heads of men."

"I'll grant you," says the Citizen, ignoring him, "that I might have trouble explaining my way of working to a non-chemist. Or even, for that matter, to a chemist who happens to be working in another field. But there's still one thing I want to ask your poet on his pyramid on wastebaskets—can he explain it to himself?"

"But why on earth should he?" says the Poet. "Or let me ask you the same thing. When you're out mowing the lawn, or mowing your chin, and that answer pops into your head in one lovely shape—can you explain that to yourself?"

"We're talking about poetry," says the Citizen. "I've heard you say that the subject matter of poetry is, finally, how the human nervous system works. I have a human nervous system to work in myself, but my business is formulae and equations. The question is yours. Can you explain to yourself how you work?"

The Poet does not answer at once. "I hear your question," he says after a while, "and I also hear some strange assumptions lurking behind it. Let's whistle those assumptions out of the bushes and have a look at them before they trip up the whole discussion. Aren't you assuming, first, that it is the poet's duty to explain how he works, and to do so in something like the terms a clinical psychologist might use? Second, that if he cannot so explain himself, he will somehow be guilty of mystification? Whereby, third, he will be writing unintelligible poetry that you may feel free to dismiss as 'not making sense'?"

"Well, shouldn't a poet be able to explain what he does in writing a poem?"

"No more than a hen needs to explain what it does when it lays an egg—so long as it knows how to lay one, and so long as the egg is a good one. *Knowing* how to and *explaining* how are two very different terms. I have to insist that explanation is not the poet's function. I happen, *ex officio*, to be interested in theorizing how it might go, but the theorizing is to one side of my function as a poet. Can we discuss it in those terms?"

"I don't see why not," says the Citizen. "Use your own terms: you distinguished between explaining and knowing. Whether he can explain it or not, does a poet know how he does it?"

"Always. The good ones always know."

"Very well, then, how do you know they know?"

"Because," says the Poet, "—and here you may want to jump down my throat—because form and rhythm are ways of knowing. I don't know how to put it into clinical terms. I don't even know how to say it, except by analogy. But form and rhythm are languages — speakable, understandable, known languages."

"No throat-jumping," says the Citizen. "I'm ready to listen. I don't know what you're talking about, and you tell me you can't say it except by analogy. All right—shoot the analogy. What sort of languages?"

"You'll grant me that there are many sorts of language aside from language? I'm thinking of music, mathematics, spatial relationships, formulae, maps—these are all communications a man may send and receive."

"Yes. I'm willing to grant that."

"I like to think there is also something I want to call the *language of environment*."

"That I don't get."

"Put it this way. Assume the two of us are vacationing in the mountains and decide to take a flashlight and explore an old mine shaft. Assume, too, that neither of us has been in a mine before."

"Assumed."

"We get a few hundred yards into the shaft and you stop. You announce that there is something funny about the place and you want us to get out of there. I have noticed nothing funny, and on the assumption that my senses are as good as yours, I can be rather smug and brave about the whole thing. You may get out if you want to, but I am going on."

"What's your point?"

"Now repeat the same situation, but assume this time that the man I go into the shaft with is an experienced miner, and *he* says there is something funny about it and urges me to get out. When he says it, I get out—fast."

"Go on," says the Citizen. "I think I see what you're getting at, but I want to hear you say it."

"The point," says the Poet, "is that a man who has spent his life in the mines is a *sensitive* to mine conditions: he speaks the language of that environment. He may not know he speaks it—which is to say, he may know it better than he knows he knows it. But he does know it; he feels it.

"But what about my uneasiness when I went down the mine shaft with you?"

"Not relevant. The assumption was that you had never before been in a mine. You do not speak the language of that environment."

"But all you're talking about is hunches."

"Precisely, but the hunches of trained men are worth something—at least when there is no more definite evidence to go on."

"And," adds the Citizen, "they may be wrong."

"Certainly."

"That doesn't answer the question," says the Citizen. "All you've said so far is that a) you have to feel your way; and b) you could be wrong."

"*At the moment of the writing*," says

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the Poet, "a man has no choice but to trust his sense of the environment of the poem. If it turns out later that he is wrong, he must throw away what he has done."

"Suppose I did that with a trainload of expensive alloys. Who would buy them if I turned out to be wrong?"

"The junkman, I suppose. But the difference between us is one I mean to treasure," says the Poet. "A poem is not offered for sale: it ventures into itself and hopes to find the language of itself. It may lose its way and find nothing and hear nothing, but whatever happens must happen *as it goes.*"

"Is it really as random as that?"

"There is no random to it. The poet may be wrong. He *will* be wrong at times. But he has no other way of being right. And when the environment of the poem is really speaking to him, he may very well know what he does better than he knows he knows it."

"Now I *am* ready for a little throat-jumping," says the Citizen. "You literary types are fast with words, but your ideas bounce around like Brownian particles. 'He knows better than he knows he knows.' Does that make sense? In science, at least, a man stays clear about knowing what he knows he knows. His results have to check."

THE POET smiles. "Have you checked your fantasy life, or your relations with your mother and father, or your own death recently? No, never mind. That's another discussion.

"What you must realize is that a poet's results have to check, too. Not immediately, perhaps, but always in time. Shakespeare certainly did not apply scientific controls to the writing of 'Hamlet,' nor did Mozart in writing a symphony. They could only *feel* their ways in the kind of multiple and simultaneous engagement I have been trying to describe. But their results have checked exactly with the feelings of the human race. So exactly that the race can no longer do without their works."

"If it is that exact," says the Citizen, "why can't you say it in words that make sense?"

The Poet shrugs. "Everything I have said makes sense to me. Even mortal sense," he says. "And for that matter why do your chemical formulae pile up such queer symbols, and why does your calculus have to use all those queer squiggles? I refuse to believe that human experience is less complicated than a fancy molecule, or than the motion of a particle moving along the radius of a circle relative to another particle moving on the circumference of the circle—or whatever you solve for."

"Ah," says the Citizen, and he points his finger with his whole arm extended, "but chemistry and calculus are for specialists! And you yourself have said that poetry is about human emotions. What about your duty to state emotions I can perceive?"

"That," says the Poet, "is a number of questions. Let's begin by rephrasing the last one. Instead of 'stating emotions I can perceive,' will you let it read 'shaping experiences I can relive'?"

"Fair enough," says the Citizen with a shrug. "What's the difference?"

"Enormous," says the Poet, "but let that go. You say all men have emotions. They certainly do. But not by a long shot do they have the developed emotions of a Shakespeare or a Dante. Great artists are specialists in the same way that a great mathematician or a great botanist is a specialist—by the quality of the talent and of the attention they bring to their perceptions. Everyone is human, as the category goes, but not everyone is humanly perceptive to the same degree. I believe that to be a developed human being is the ultimate specialty. As Yeats put it, 'We must labor to be beautiful.' "

"And," says the Citizen, "does that give you the human right to look down on everybody who fails to be Shakespeare or Dante?"

"Those are your terms," says the Poet. "I can only reject them. My duty is to capture into form and rhythm, experiences that are true of you, whether or not you are capable of engaging them."

"Because I'm stupid, I suppose?"

"Not at all. You may be profoundly human in your response to other media, and simply be insensitive (or untrained, or both) to the forms and rhythms of words in poetry."

"And what if no one manages to engage the experiences you put into form and rhythm?"

"Then I have written badly. Like the miner in the shaft, I can be wrong. But I repeat: I have no other way of being right. There is no other way in which the poet can work. And when he works well, the whole race wins. Polonius need never know that Shakespeare has drawn him as a sententious old fool. But in him, Shakespeare has imaged-forth the human truth of a Polonius-strand in all of us. That human truth is there forever, for any man capable of perceiving it.

"And one more thing—there is *exactness* in the delineation of Polonius. He is in no sense a random product. By whatever means Shakespeare conceived him, the delineation has a correspondence to life, and even a life of its own, that seems exactly right to our understanding."

"I GRANT that sense of exactness," says the Citizen. "But can you really believe that Shakespeare could have drawn such a character without a very firm starting notion of what he meant to do?"

"I have to believe that the idea for Polonius came to Shakespeare as a possibility to explore, and that he worked it out as it came, by feel. The idea came to him as seed and left him as a fruit.

"As a matter of fact, one may locate pretty much the source of the seed. A Danish chronicler named Saxo Grammaticus wrote 'Historia Danica,' and that chronicle—along with a lost play by an earlier sixteenth-century playwright—was certainly the seed of Shakespeare's 'Hamlet.' The 'Historia Danica' even contains a suggestion of the character of Polonius as Shakespeare developed it. But only a suggestion.

"Shakespeare, I must believe, *felt the possibilities* inherent in that suggestion and went on to develop them. He was, after all, a collector of characters. He had spent his life creating characters, and he had certainly developed a sense of how a character could and should be developed. But I simply do not see how he could have known what to do with the suggestion *until he did it.*

"Shakespeare seems to have written without much revision. Another man might have had to try a development, cancel it out, and start over

(*Continued on page* 46)

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LITERARY HORIZONS

Theme with Variations

By Granville Hicks

WALTER ALLEN is a British critic and novelist whose most recent novel, "Three Score and Ten," was published in the United States last spring. His anthology, **"Writers on Writing,"** which appeared in England in 1948, is now being published over here by *The Writer*. The price is $3.95.

The book is divided into two parts, one on poetry and the other on the novel, and each part has several topical sections. Sixty-eight writers are quoted, most of them British. The poets represent the past four centuries, the novelists the past two.

"In every case," Allen explains, "the extract has been chosen because the writer was in the first place an eminent practitioner." "The criticism of the practitioner," he grants, "is almost inevitably partial, for he generalizes from his own experience and his practice." But if the practitioner is less objective than the pure critic, and may be quite dreadfully wrongheaded, he is seldom dull, for what he is writing about concerns him above all else.

Allen says: "I have tried to make the sort of book that would have stimulated me and, I think, would have helped me too when I first began to write." Stimulating the anthology unquestionably is, and on that ground I recommend it to all young writers, but at the same time I warn them that it will not show them a clear, well-marked path to literary achievement, for Allen has so chosen his selections that every opinion expressed is sooner or later contradicted. The disagreements make for liveliness, but they make for perplexity too.

For instance, Allen properly includes some of the famous pronouncements on poetry by Wordsworth, Shelley, and Arnold. But then he also includes this remark by T. S. Eliot: "It will not do to talk of 'emotion recollected in tranquility,' which is only one poet's account of his recollection of his own methods; or to call it 'a criticism of life,' than which no phrase can sound more frigid to anyone who has felt the full surprise and elevation of a new experience of poetry."

Moreover the reader who has been exalted by some of the loftier descriptions of the poet's functions is likely to be brought up short when he finds Eliot saying that "poetry is a superior amusement."

Allen has a section called "Inspiration and Calculation," and here we find a large diversity. Shelly and Keats, of course, are on the side of inspiration, and Blake expresses his faith in inspiration of the most literal sort: "I dare not pretend to be any other than the Secretary; the Authors are in Eternity." Housman more humbly points out that inspiration is aided by a pint of beer at luncheon and an afternoon walk. Poe, spurning inspiration altogether, describes, step by mechanical step, the process of calculation by which "The Raven" was created.

Blake argues for free verse, and Bridges emphatically states the case against it. Milton is against rhyme and Dryden for it. Coleridge quarrels with Wordsworth's views on the proper language of poetry.

The novel proves to be an even more controversial subject than poetry. Allen describes Henry James's prefaces to his novels as "the most important body of fiction criticism we possess," and it is my impression that he quotes more from James than from any other novelist, but at the same time he points out that James's theories fit only his particular kind of fiction. Later on we find E. M. Forster and Elizabeth Bowen taking issue with James.

SOMERSET Maugham asserts: "I should say that the practice of drawing characters from actual models is not only universal but necessary. I do not see why any writer should be ashamed to acknowledge it." Ivy Compton-Burnett replies, "I think that actual life supplies a writer with characters much less than is thought."

Guy de Maupassant writes:

> Whatever one wishes to say, there is one noun only by which to express it, one verb only to give it life, one adjective only which will describe it. One must search until one has discovered them, this noun, this verb, this adjective, and never rest content with approximations, never resort to trickery, however happy, or to vulgarisms, in order to dodge the difficulty.

But here is Samuel Butler;

> I should like to put it on record that I never took the smallest pains with my style, have never thought about it, and do not know or want to know whether it is a style at all or whether it is not, as I believe and hope, just common, simple straightforwardness. I cannot conceive how any man can take thought for his style without loss to himself and his readers.

And here is H. G. Wells, after a considerable exposure to James, Conrad, and Ford Madox Ford and their talk about "the just word, the perfect expression": "I write as I walk because I want to get somewhere and I write as straight as I can, just as I walk as straight as I can, because that is the best way to get there."

Anthony Trollope, who worked as post office inspector during much of his literary career, allotted three hours a day to his writing. As he told in his "Autobiography," he worked with his watch in front of him, systematically turning out 250 words every quarter of an hour. Gustave Flaubert, on the other hand, confided in George Sand: "You don't know what it is to stay a whole day with your head in your hands trying to squeeze your unfortunate brain so as to find a word. Ideas come very easily with you, incessantly, like a stream. With me it is a tiny thread of water. Hard labor at art is necessary for me before obtaining a waterfall. Ah! I certainly know *the agonies of style.*"

Perhaps these contradictions, instead of confusing the young writer, will convince him that he has to find his own way, and that would be all to the good. Each of Allen's sixty-eight eminent practitioners is obviously right so far as his own practice is concerned. If the judgment of posterity is to be accepted, Wells has lost his running argument with James, for James's novels have survived and Wells's haven't, but how much would Wells have accomplished if he had tried to write like James? A Trollope who suffered Flaubert's agonies of style could not have given us what Trollope gave. The young writer will be wise to take from the book only what seems to belong to him, but even what seems to belong to him should be only a point of departure.

For the general reader the volume is a reminder that there are many kinds of eminence. It would be ridiculous to assume that all of Allen's sixty-eight are equally deserving of respect; they range from the very great to the merely competent. But all of them, in their immensely different ways, have something to say to us. Almost inevitably, as Allen says, they are partisans, but we do not have to be.

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The Rhythm Is the Person

"O to Be a Dragon," by Marianne Moore *(Viking. 37 pp. $2.75), is a collection of fifteen poems, many of which have already become familiar as a result of magazine publication. Muriel Rukeyser is herself the author of several volumes of poetry, the most recent of which is "Body of Waking."*

By Muriel Rukeyser

"I FEEL that the form is the outward equivalent of a determining inner conviction," writes Miss Moore on the jacket of her new book, "and that the rhythm is the person." The trust in art has always been one of Miss Moore's convictions. Another is the love of the great as "pacific yet passionate," a conviction that informs her title poem, which may here be quoted in full:

> If I, like Solomon . . .
> could have my wish—
>
> my wish . . . O to be a dragon
> a symbol of the power of Heaven—
> of silkworm
> size or immense; at times invisible.
> Felicitous phenomenon!

Two notes accompany this poem. One speaks of the definition of a "dragon" in that fine book "The Tao of Painting"; one gives Solomon's wish as "an understanding heart"—cut short from First Kings, Chapter 3.

The poem called "In the Public Garden" again displays those qualities of rhythm and of conviction that one thinks of as Marianne Moore's signature. It also provides useful clues to the method and sources of many others of her poems. She is enchanted by her subject, the relation between art and the festival in Boston, and has brought to it loving memories—of Harvard, of the taxi driver, of the steeple-jack gilding the Faneuil Hall grasshopper, of entering King's Chapel

> to hear them sing: "My work be praise while others go and come.
> No more a stranger or a guest
> but like a child
> at home.

In later lines of the same poem she finds silence "as unattainable/as freedom. And what is freedom for?/For 'self-discipline,' as our/hardest-working citizen has said."

Notes have often been important outriggers of Marianne Moore's poems, and there are three notes attached to this poem. Two speak of the steeple-jack and the grasshopper. The third is to "My work be praise," identifying it as "Psalm 23—traditional Southern tune, arranged by Virgil Thomson." But clearly these lines are not from the 23rd Psalm. The closest I could come was the line in the 22nd, "In the midst of the congregation will I praise thee." Certainly the last line of the Psalm says, "And I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever"; but the style, the rhythm, the conviction, as Miss Moore puts it, are off; "No more a stranger or a guest" could never have been said by the Psalmist. Miss Moore was in King's Chapel, she said, to hear them sing. So it is a hymn, of course, and not a Psalm at all. My King James Bible has The New Congregational Hymn Book of 1855 bound in with it, and as "Psalm 24 (Psalm 23) C. M. Watts," I read the lines: "O may Thy house be mine abode,/ And all my work be praise./ There would I find a settled rest,/While others go and come;/No more a stranger or a guest,/But like a child at home."

There is more here than an attribution to Watt's hymn. The "C. M." before his name are the initials of the metre. There is in the back of this hymnal an index familiar to many, the "Index of Peculiar Metres." The listings here refer to identifications which must be old friends to many church-goers. Some of these forms are very close to the forms which have been, in Marianne Moore's poems, taken to be eccentric—or, as

—*Esther Bubley.*

Marianne Moore strolls in the Bronx Zoo.

MARIANNE MOORE sits with the elders of modern poetry. Her life in poetry spans our century. Before World War I her first published poems appeared in Harriet Monroe's *Poetry*; in 1921 H.D. printed her first volume, "Poems," in England, where Miss Moore was classed with the Imagists. In 1925 *Dial* magazine awarded her its literary prize, the first of many honors, which culminated in 1952, when her "Collected Poems" won the triple crown National Book Award, Bollingen, and Pulitzer Prizes.

The apartment in Brooklyn where Marianne Moore has lived for the past thirty years is crammed with souvenirs of her long poetic past; among them, a yellow rose painted by E. E. Cummings and a wise-eyed photograph of T. S. Eliot. Animals, of course, are everywhere. Miss Moore's devotion to animals is famous and her admirers have lined the walls and the shelves with figures of every size and shape: a plush wind-up elephant that ambles, a china ocelot, a wooden mouse, and kangaroos, opossums, monkeys, lions, live in great and gay profusion. Miss Moore cast a wry look at the furniture, jammed from wall to wall, "It's like an antique shop, but I don't want to part with any of it."

Properly an elder is one who puts long experience of the past to the uses of the present. Miss Moore is very much of the present. Her poetic output, never very prolific, seldom exceeds four poems a year. "Each poem I think will be the last," she said, "but something always comes along and catches my fancy." Since she acquired her television set her interest in baseball has mounted to an enthusiasm. "I'm lucky to get any work at all done during the season. Poetry," says Miss Moore, "comes from actuality." What is more actual than "Hometown Piece for Messrs. Alston and Reese," in her new book, which celebrates the 1955 World Series victory by the then Brooklyn Dodgers over the New York Yankees? —ROLLENE W. SAAL.

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the jacket of this book claims, "in strictest accordance with poetic rules invented by and for herself." I suggest a reading of "No better than 'a withered daffodil'" and "Melchior Vulpius" with some of the old hymns of the same syllabic count. Look at the poem for the Dodgers, for example, and "Thou art gone to the grave! we no longer behold thee," or "Boston has a festival/compositely for all" with "Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings/Thy better portion trace."

Miss Moore *is* original, and scrupulously honest, too, I believe; she does not wish for a moment, I am sure, that her readers take the 23rd Psalm to be her "document." But her reputation has been built on accuracy, on scrupulosities. Elizabeth Bishop, for example, calls her (on this jacket) "the World's Greatest Living Observer."

Marianne Moore has had in all her writing life a deep connection with the Psalms and with the hymns made out of their translated spirit. She allows us many glimpses of this real relation: in this book, the sudden emergence in "Melchior Vulpius," "but best of all an anthem," and the anthem's two fine lines. There is a breakthrough of the ark here, too. But I remember it among the early poems, the first poems of hers I read, lines charged with both hymn (in their form) and Psalm (in their subject):

But David, if the heart
Be brass, what boots the art
Of exorcising wrong,
Of harping to a song?

Miss Moore has a whole reach of followers to whom this relation with hymns will open up new fertilities, as does a similar relation in Emily Dickinson.

The fact of this relation and what it may signify, the conviction here which is the form, have deep emotional components which are to be explored or disregarded, according to the way we care about poetry. Marianne Moore, in her superb reticences, in her skilful and flexible use of the document as part of poetry, in her knowledge that the poem begins with the first breath of the title has been a major influence on many people engaged in writing today. We can see her work now against the background of the time in which it was first presented, and in the present, which needs so much of poetry of which there is still hardly a sign anywhere. The living connections that are in her poems assume again, in this book, qualities for which she has always stood, and we admire them as they are here made new.

The Poet-Priests

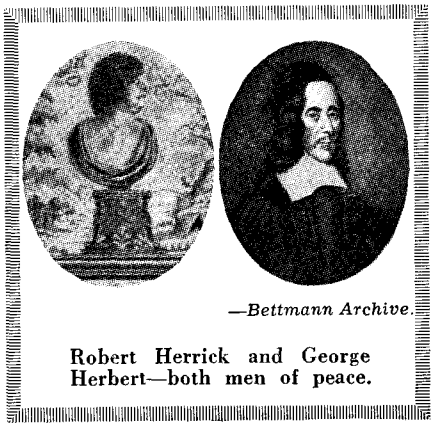
"Two Gentle Men: The Lives of George Herbert and Robert Herrick," by Marchette Chute *(Dutton. 319 pp. $5), restores the bloom to the seventeenth century, if not the bright corpuscles to its subjects. Like them Chad Walsh, author of "Eden Two-Way" and other books, is both an Anglican priest and a poet.*

By Chad Walsh

GEORGE HERBERT and Robert Herrick were seventeenth-century contemporaries; both were parish priests; each published one book of poetry; each suffered an almost total eclipse in the eighteenth century, only to be revived later; finally, both were by temperament men of peace little given to the fanaticism and bloody conflict of their period in history.

There the resemblances end. Herrick was a once-born man. No agonies of self-reproach and doubt darken his verse for long. His poetic landscape is bright with flowers, pretty girls, and rustic customs. When God appears, He is a friendly and natural inhabitant of the same gay and innocent world. The result is that Herrick's one book, "Hesperides and His Noble Numbers," though at first brushed aside by religious readers looking for heavier fare, remains a miracle of lilting and captivating lyricism, the Garden of Eden recreated as though it had never been lost.

George Herbert, far more the child of the self-probing and sin-haunted seventeenth century, never went as far in tortured spiritual involutions as a John Donne, but his brief life was dominated by his desire to give himself wholly to God, by his doubts as to his own worthiness, and finally by the peace and fulfillment he found when he put aside a glittering and aristocratic background and became the beloved country priest at Bemerton for the few years that remained to him. In his one book, "The Temple," something of the long doubts and something also of the final peace found expression in forms close to poetic perfection. Most of all, the quiet love of God pervades the careful architecture of a book of devotion whose appeal was as immediate to the suspicious Puritan as to the conforming Anglican. Thus it was that the most central poetic work produced by Church of England piety also proved to have a scope and catholicity beyond the borders of any one denomination.



—Bettmann Archive.

Robert Herrick and George Herbert—both men of peace.

Miss Chute has done an excellent job in sketching the turbulent religious, social, and political background against which these two gentle poets lived their secluded lives. Herbert died of consumption, not yet forty years old, before the mounting intransigeance of King and Parliament led to civil war, but Herrick lived long enough to be evicted from his living by the Puritans and later restored to it after the triumphal return of Charles II. These rich evocations of the color and texture of another age are the greatest merit of the book. Unfortunately, the background somewhat overshadows the lives of the two men. Perhaps this could not be avoided. Herrick and Herbert were not named Donne or Milton. Neither did dramatic deeds on the public stage or even sinned in very crimson letters. Their poetry is more interesting than their lives, though this is less true of Herbert than of Herrick. Herbert's renunciation of pomp, splendor, and the world of good manners and learning has a quietly dramatic power to it in the telling.

In general, however, with both men it's the poems that count. And Miss Chute's book, which seems not too profound in dealing with the psychological development of the two poets, takes on more depth when she discusses specific poems from "Hesperides" and "The Temple." Though the book is primarily a biography, it is a pity that more is not done with an analysis of various poems. In the case of two men who lived such hidden lives, their verse might tell more of what they were at heart than the sparse and uncertain biographical facts which have survived. At any rate, this double biography, while not a memorable one, is pleasant reading. It will more than serve its purpose if it leads the reader to the poetry of two of the seventeenth century's most lovable—and most gifted—poets.

REFERENCE AND REPUTATION: The survey course of English literature, which sweeps from the early English epic to Mr. Eliot in an academic year, has

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USA

A Treasurer's Report of His Times

—Wide World.

Franklin Roosevelt and Henry Morgenthau drive in Hyde Park—A special relationship.

"From the Morgenthau Diaries: Years of Crisis, 1928-1939," by John Morton Blum *(Houghton Mifflin. 583 pp. $7.50), takes the lid off what was once feared would be a Pandora's box of Capital reminiscences. Jonathan Daniels was administrative assistant to Franklin D. Roosevelt from 1943 until 1945, when he became the President's press secretary.*

By Jonathan Daniels

THE MORGENTHAU diaries were a legend long before their 800 bound volumes were deposited in the Franklin D. Roosevelt Library at Hyde Park. In Washington rumors went around while they grew that every word spoken to the Secretary of the Treasury in person or by phone was transcribed for the record. Even some who had no words to hide warily wondered about recorders in Henry the Morge's generally solemn presence. The process was productive for history. From the mountain of records Morgenthau kept, John Blum has produced probably the best-documented story of the financial center of the domestic and foreign policies of Roosevelt's New Deal.

That financial story, as John Blum has told it, is no mere record for the economist, though the ordinary reader is led through the most complex problems of government finance. In the lively and sometimes fantastic-seeming economics of the New Deal, Morgenthau was, Blum thinks, "the most influential spokesman" of "the orthodox school" of economics. If so, however, Mr. Blum shows him as a man whose first concern in government finance was never merely monetary. In terms of taxes, budgets, spending and international finance, the Morgenthau Mr. Blum describes was a man whose concern with fiscal policies was always related to human welfare and human freedom.

Unfortunately, such a man may better serve good government than good entertainment. Morgenthau, as he wrote his diaries and added to them the greater mass of documents and records, was not matching the egocentricity, tartness, candor, and just plain gossip which across town Harold Ickes was putting into his journals. The result is that Morgenthau left a more dependable record but one which seems more informing than dazzling. It is often lit with moral indignation. Blum quotes some sharp comments by Morgenthau. There are vivid passages describing collisions in the Cabinet. Even the marble image of Cordell Hull is described as "about 100 per cent different from the real Mr. Hull," whose usual policy was "trying to wear all of us out and then do nothing."

There are even passages in which Morgenthau recorded lapses in his great admiration for FDR. Once the Secretary of the Treasury grew weary as FDR recounted how well he had dealt with some recalcitant Senators. Morgenthau felt that he had not done well at all.

> I gave him no encouragement [the Secretary reported to his staff at the time], and did not sit there at his feet and say what a great guy he was because I did not feel that he had done a good job . . . The fact that I did not sit there in glowing admiration . . . put him in bad humor and . . . he let me have it.

Actually, of course, Morgenthau though sometimes a stern friend who stood as a sort of conscience for Roosevelt, was as eager always for Roosevelt's favor (shown in little things like private luncheons in the oval Presidential office) as Ickes was. Indeed, though he thought Ickes was "petty" in such matters, Morgenthau could pout with the best of them when he felt he lacked the warmth of FDR's smile. Undoubtedly, however, as old neighbors in the Hudson valley, as associates in Albany, and as men whose wives were devoted friends, there was a special relationship between Roosevelt and his Secretary of the Treasury. Morgenthau was sometimes as sensitive as Ickes was ornery. Still he was always beside Roosevelt —the dependable, honest friend and official who took rigidly righteous positions and did not hesitate to fight for them in the complicated entourage around FDR. Sometimes he bored Roosevelt; always Roosevelt loved and trusted him.

From the piled records of such a man, Mr. Blum has made an important book. Its title, "From the Morgenthau Diaries," accurately describes it. For here is no such sampling of diary entries as was published from the mountain Ickes left behind. Rather, Mr. Blum has made the material in the diaries a basis—though by no means the only basis—for the first volume of a "more than 'authorized biography.'" Yet, it is more the record of a time, 1933 to 1938, than the whole story of a man. Of course, much important in the Morgenthau story and the American story will be told in the second volume dealing with the years beyond Munich.

Still, it seemed to me that this book's chief weakness was in the personal life, personality, and struggles of this rich man's son who never finished college but became the presiding figure over much of the most complex business of the world. Obviously, however, the book's frame and emphasis relate to the years in which the Morgenthau diaries grew. And the story Mr. Blum has drawn from them will be of lasting importance to all students of those times.

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New Direction of an Old Danger

"Power Without Property: A New Development in American Political Economy," by Adolf A. Berle, Jr. *(Harcourt, Brace. 184 pp. $3.75), asserts that the main threat to private ownership lies in a capitalistic boomerang—the large-scale corporation. David M. Potter, American history professor at Yale, wrote "People of Plenty."*

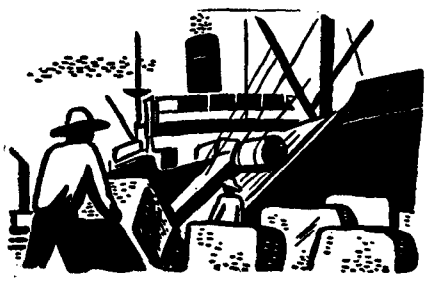
By David M. Potter

AMONG interpreters of the American economic system, Adolf A. Berle, Jr., has long been outstanding for his constant concern to uncover the realities which lie behind the appearances—the functional essences which live within the institutional forms. Particularly he has kept his sights fixed upon the corporation, for it is the institution within whose framework a preponderant part of American economic activity is conducted and a preponderant share of American economic power is concentrated. It is also, as Mr. Berle has shown, the static shell within which revolutionary changes in the economic power system have almost imperceptibly taken place.

Originally, the corporation was an instrument of private property in which shareholders owned and operated the enterprise. But by 1932, when Mr. Berle and Gardiner Means published their classic, "The Modern Corporation and Private Property," corporate growth had reached a scale —in the larger and economically more strategic corporations—where individual stockholders were too numerous and too diffused to exert their theoretical control. If property is something that can be managed, their shares represented equity rather than property. Control stood separate from ownership, and a new managerial class of corporation administrators had emerged.

Since 1932 change has continued its invisible revolution, and in "Power Without Property," Mr. Berle now returns to the corporation as a framework within which to make a new appraisal of the distribution of economic power. At present he finds that the great industrial corporations are more independent of the shareholding investor than ever before. This is true partly because they no longer depend upon individual investment for their capital; in fact they themselves generate 60 per cent of their new capital through retained profits and depreciation funds, while other sources such as borrowings from banks leave them dependent on the individual investor for only $1 out of $20. It is true, also, because of the increasing extent to which the investor makes his investments indirectly through the medium of mutual funds, insurance trusts, and ever-growing pension funds which own and manage shares on behalf of those from whom they receive payments. Thus, where ownership, control, and beneficial interest were once all in the hands of the shareholders, "ownership" is now approaching a position where it lacks control in one direction and lacks the rewards of ownership in the other.

MR. BERLE'S analysis packs enough explosive implications to shatter a good many economic stereotypes. If the facts on which the analysis is based are granted, it means that the major threat to the power of private property has come not from the direction of government intervention—the direction from which danger was always feared, and against which the battlements were always manned—but from large-scale organizations within the realm of capitalism itself. The collectivism of great corporate organizations has proved as baneful to the powers of ownership as Socialist col-



lectivism or the collectivism of the New Deal. This would mean that, ironically, the proudest achievements of capitalism, the great industrial corporations, have eroded away the power of capitalistic ownership.

In terms of the corporations themselves, this analysis means that they are not owner-controlled, and not publicly controlled, and are certainly not autonomously self-controlled, since they are susceptible to a great many forces, including the need for profit, the pressure of other institutions such as organized labor, the potentiality of government intervention, and, not least, the existence of a public expectation ("the public consensus") that they will be operated in such a way as to keep the economy running smoothly.

In terms of the over-all economy this, in turn, would mean that our economy is not only a "mixed economy" in the well-recognized sense of including components of private ownership and of public ownership, but in the more subtle and less-recognized sense of including important components, namely the directorates of large corporations, which are neither wholly private nor wholly public, but are partly private, in the mode of their election and their obligation to earn profits, and more largely public, in their responsibility to operate the economy in a manner that will serve the public welfare. In form the elected agents of the shareholders, these directors are, in function, more like self-perpetuating trustees for the administration of economic services vital to the public.

This analysis discredits the over-simple ideas that the automatic processes of a free market govern the economy, or that the irresponsibly-wielded influence of a power elite does so. Instead we find a complex mechanism where power resides in men who may owe their election as directors to stockholder votes, but who will owe their tenure and their survival to their success in fulfilling their highly pragmatic obligation to make the system work.

SOME critics are likely to question whether the concentration of economic power and the emasculation of the shareholder have gone quite as far as Mr. Berle contends; others may doubt his optimistic assurance that the system which has evolved is quite so admirably adapted to our needs. But few will deny the power and insight of his analysis. His searching concern for the much-neglected structure of power, his awareness that the economy can be understood only in its broadest social relationships, and his X-ray instinct for looking through the forms to the realities, have enabled him to see an important part of our new and changing world, not as our preconceptions picture it, but as it has become. In the interpretation of our universe to ourselves, there can be no more important talent than this ability to look at complex, tradition-encrusted, controversy-obscured, stereotype-pictured institutions, and to discern the actuality which is really there.

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Self-Strangulation

"The South Strikes Back," by Hodding Carter III *(Doubleday. 213 pp. $2.95), reveals how the maggots of prejudice are eating into a proud people's civilization. Carl T. Rowan is author of "Go South to Sorrow."*

By Carl T. Rowan

MILLIONS of words have been written during the last five years about economic reprisals and other injustices heaped upon Negroes in the Deep South who take seriously the 1954 Supreme Court decision outlawing public school segregation. Relatively little has been said about the erosion of freedoms of white men in these areas where racial passions run deepest and political demagogues run most successfully. In its uninspired, backhanded way, this book tells how white men who set out frantically to war against the revolting Negro have ended up in conflict with themselves and the very civilization that they have achieved.

The book's title can be misleading, for the casual reader may assume that its basic story is of the South striking back at the Supreme Court, the Justice Department, or the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. Actually, it is a story of the Deep South—Mississippi particularly—striking back in panic and smashing its own lifeline: its churches and colleges, its schoolteachers and newspaper editors.

It is the story of the rise to power of the White Citizens Council, an organization conceived in fear and dedicated to the gagging and punishment of all even suspected of disloyalty to the status quo in race relations.

School desegregation was achieved in Virginia, and more recently in Little Rock, primarily because the white power structures in these areas finally decided that it cost too much, in personal liberty as well as dollars, to pursue a reckless course of defiance—not just of the Federal courts but of the more resolute course of human history.

After much damage was done, intelligent white people of Virginia and Little Rock conceded that freedom is the one thing you cannot keep unless you are willing to give it to someone else. Young Carter's book suggests that Mississippians are on the way to learning that lesson, although Mississippi may well be the last of our states where this is admitted.

Carter, whose newspaperman father became a national figure because of his war on Klan-like elements, shows how the White Citizens Council has become so awed by its own power, so impressed by the number of bankers, lawyers, doctors, and industrialists on its rolls, that it had one of its state legislatures propose that state tax monies be appropriated to the Council to help it wage its fight to preserve racial separation.

This began to drill into some Mississippians the lesson Virginia and Little Rock have learned. Representative Joe Wroten of Greenville, home town of the Carters, said of the bill to grant funds to the Council:

> It is a vicious assault upon freedom of the mind. . . . A large majority of our citizens have not chosen to affiliate with or to donate their personal funds to the Citizens Councils. What the people themselves have chosen not to do would be required of them by this bill with the mailed fist of worldly power. I cannot in good conscience witness in silence the passage of this coercive act, which would shackle the minds of a free people, destroy their democratic rights to differences of opinion and pillage their constitutional freedoms.

A lot of legislatures conceded privately that "rights to differences of opinion" where segregation was concerned already had been destroyed. They said they were afraid to oppose the Council publicly, so both houses passed the bill. Only adjournment before a House-Senate conference committee could agree on details kept the measure from becoming law.

In an effort to thwart moves to enfranchise the state's Negroes, both houses voted to make registrars "quasi courts" so they would not be vulnerable to contempt of court citations in suits filed by would-be Negro voters.

"We are really getting frantic,

(*Continued on page* 39)

—*Wide World.*

White Council leader Asa E. Carter, Birmingham, denounces school integration.

Diplomacy Illumined

"Dream and Reality: Aspects of American Foreign Policy," by Louis J. Halle *(Harper. 328 pp. $5), suggests that to understand the present we should all ponder "King Lear." Robert H. Salisbury teaches political science at Washington University.*

By Robert H. Salisbury

LOUIS HALLE'S "Dream and Reality" is essentially a leisurely walk through American diplomatic history in search of illumination of the general nature of international relations and of particular American foreign-policy problems. The author is an experienced diplomat. Moreover, he is a cultivated man, possessing that breadth of interest and knowledge which he and many others believe essential for the exercise of reason in diplomacy. The tour with Halle is pleasant and often quite stimulating, and yet on balance it is disappointing.

He insists that an irreducible human nature is fundamental to international affairs as to all others. The limited capacities of men's minds and their mixture of good and evil intentions mean that foreign policy will be made by the blind, or the nearly blind. Men's efforts to control their destinies must therefore partake of the tragic, and Halle suggests that to understand our present situation we should all ponder "King Lear."

Two aspects of his tragic vision of international affairs are particularly prominent. One is his belief in the ineluctable course of historical circumstance. For example, Halle argues quite persuasively that our present difficulties in Korea, Formosa, and environs are the most recent links in a chain of events that began with Admiral Dewey's attack on the Spanish fleet in Manila Bay. Once that attack was made, policy alternatives from then on were effectively eliminated. The second element of Halle's interpretation is found in his restatement of the Idyll of the Caves. We all operate on the basis of myths concerning the world around us. Rationality is approached when the myth is a near-approximation of reality. But in foreign affairs, and especially in an era when there is considerable popular control over policy-making, the unreal elements of the myth are likely to predominate. Information and understanding are not widely diffused in any society with reference to for-

(*Continued on page* 40)

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Saturday Review

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The President and the Russians

THE PRESIDENT of the United States is now engaged in one of the gravest and most challenging missions in American history.

He is involved in a supreme effort to keep the world and all its people from drifting into a nuclear war.

He knows what a nuclear war would mean.

He knows that one explosive now contains more destructive power than all the bombs combined that were dropped on cities in the Second World War.

He knows that an intercontinental ballistic missile carrying a hydrogen bomb can cross the ocean in fifteen minutes or less.

He knows that there are fixed limits to the number of nuclear weapons that can be exploded—either in testing or actual use—without poisoning the atmosphere.

He knows that our best chance for security lies more in the direction of *enforceable world control* over nuclear weapons than in any theoretical nuclear supremacy. There can be no real nuclear supremacy so long as a relatively small number of nuclear explosives can destroy a continent.

He knows that the situation could get out of hand, that some accident or miscalulation could jeopardize the peace.

He also has a good idea about the kind of peace that is worth having. Not the peace of servility or surrender, but the peace that spells freedom—for those who cherish freedom.

In searching for real peace, the President has not lost his awareness of the danger of totalitarianism in any form.

He has not forgotten Hungary.

He has not forgotten Poland or Czechoslovakia or Rumania or any of the countries now under Communist rule.

But he knows there is neither liberation nor freedom in a nuclear war that could expunge civilization in a matter of minutes.

In speaking directly to Premier Khrushchev, the President is not changing his views about the nature of Communism or the danger of Communism.

He is profoundly aware of the continuing and expanding threat to the idea of liberty.

But he wants to meet that threat in a way that makes sense—by helping to create the conditions of real stability in the world.

He believes in a *meaningful competition* with our opponents. He wants to fight with those weapons which alone can produce victory. Ideas and actions that can earn the respect and support of the overwhelming majority of the world's peoples. He wants to use the miracle of American production to help fight the war against poverty. He wants to help make the United Nations into a real instrument of justice in the world. In short, he wants to create a real basis for hope in a better tomorrow—for all peoples.

The President believes there is a better chance for this kind of peace if he can get through to peoples. He believes in the innate good sense of peoples whether Russian or English or French or American.

He believes that by talking directly to the Russian people, he can demolish any idea that the American people or their government are warmongers.

And he has no fear of Premier Khrushchev talking directly to the American people or seeing America at first hand. Indeed, he believes it important for Premier Khrushchev to know this country and its people. If Premier Khrushchev accepts the proposition that modern war is mutual suicide, then the President may wish to seek enforceable agreements on a number of vital points:

1. On a permanent end to nuclear testing—under *ironclad* safeguards and inspection.
2. On an *ironclad* supervision and reduction of existing nuclear stockpiles.
3. On a settlement of the Berlin problem in particular and the German situation in general.
4. On a basis of underwriting the security and independence of all countries, large and small, under the United Nations.
5. On substituting the rule of law for the rule of force in the resolution of international disputes.

No one knows whether any or all of these objectives are obtainable.

But the attempt to achieve them must be made in any case. This attempt should be genuine. It should be stirring. It should be made without stint.

This is what the President now seeks to do.

Yet groups have sprung up to oppose the President. They contend he has grown soft on Communism, that he has ignored the brutality against the Hungarian people and others. They object to his invitation to Premier Khrushchev to visit the United States.

IT IS important that the President be made to feel that he now has the backing of the overwhelming majority of the American people.

Indeed, it is important that the entire world be made to know where the American people stand.

The President is involved in an historic undertaking. The odds are against him and us—but what he seeks is nothing less than an earth made safe for the human commonwealth. The people's part in that mission is a vital one. They can let the President know where they stand. They can fortify him with the knowledge that he has both their support and their mandate.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

SATURDAY NIGHT

JAMES YAFFE'S REVIEW of Alan Sillitoe's "Saturday Night and Sunday Morning" [*SR* Sept. 5] is a particularly good example of bad reviewing. He starts off by condemning the book because the author never really "accomplishes the magic of identification" with the hero, Arthur Seaton, and then proceeds to illustrate why he makes this charge by providing us with two illustrations. But the illustrations show us only that Sillitoe, when he is *describing* his character, obviously is "aware, in a literary way, of what a vigorous young animal" Arthur is, and that Sillitoe obviously examines Arthur largely from the outside, from the author's point of view. Why, then, can't the author use a word like "uniqueness" in describing his character, even if the character would not use such a word himself? Certainly Mr. Yaffe confuses the business of point of view.

As producer of "New Books of Significance" on WGAL-TV I shall tell my viewers this fall that "Saturday Night and Sunday Morning" is the best of the so-called Angry Young Men novels to be published in the United States, that it is much more significant, politically and socially, than "Room at the Top" or "Lucky Jim," and that its author is a craftsman of the first order, a first novelist who will bear close watching in the future.

RICHARD J. STONESIFER.

Lancaster, Pa.

SUNDAY MORNING

THE PASSAGES that I quoted from "Saturday Night and Sunday Morning" are all attempts of the author to reflect his hero's thoughts. "Uniqueness" is a word that Arthur Seaton applies to himself—and it is completely out of character. Too many novelists nowadays tend to indulge in fine writing at the expense of true characterization. Critics and professors should not encourage them in this peculiarly modern vice.

JAMES YAFFE.

New York, N.Y.

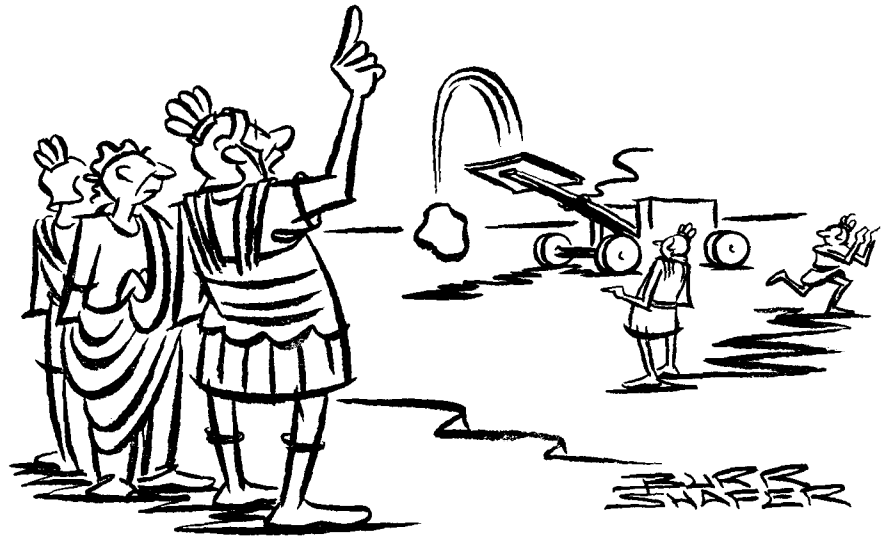
FRACTURED VERBS

How, NOW! What doth *transpire*? In TRADE WINDS' August 15 column you accuse Shakespeare of using nouns for verbs (I'll home tomorrow). This is the correct formation of the future tense, and we might still use this verb in this way when referring to pigeons or baseball games. You further compounded your error in your paraphrase by dropping the subject and substituting a past tense verb for the supposed noun. Your morning should have read, "Did alarmbell at seven, and unmattress quickly. Then did fully egg and bacon and automobile to the Westport station. Then did railroad to New York and bus to Fifth Avenue."

Please, Shakespeare made enough grammatical errors without your trying to add to them.

RONALD BURNIGHT.

Laytonville, Calif.



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"V—IV—III—II—I—oh, for the love of Mars!"

RECEPTIVE MINDS

CONGRATULATIONS TO you on the stunningly honest article by Thomas Coffey ["Is There an American Catholic Literature," *SR* Sept. 5]. We who dare to call ourselves Catholic (and with a capital C at that!) should have our minds receptive to *all* knowledge and our hearts open to *all* men.

MARY P. POST.

Northbrook, Ill.

SLEEPING AWAY

AFTER READING Mr. Coffey's article, I had to look again at the date on the magazine to make sure that the issue was that of September 5, 1959, and not September 5, 1939. For it seems as though Mr. Coffey, like Rip Van Winkle, has been sleeping away like a babe the past few years; at least he hasn't kept up on his reading.

There is always room for good searching criticism; Mr. Coffey's article shows little of this, but it does display a splendid ignorance of what's been going on in certain areas of Catholic thought and literary work. He refers to the philosophy manuals of Glenn and Bittle. Although some paleolithic institutions may still use them, they went out with the McGuffey Readers and the texts marketed today show a sense of scholarship and an ability to meet contemporary issues head on that are truly significant. Let Mr. Coffey look over the various works of James Collins for one, to see what I mean here, and if he cares to sit down and do some real thinking, it might not be a bad idea to examine some of Vincent Smith's books, in particular his recent "General Science of Nature." Compared to the catechetical nature of the Glenn-Bittle genre, the works of men like these are like symphonies of Bach in comparison with the ditties of Tin-Pan Alley.

Mr. Coffey also remarks that an author he knew had trouble with the censor in trying to say some true, but uncomplimentary, things about Alexander VI. The implication, of course, is that Catholics aren't willing to acknowledge human elements in the Supreme Pontiffs.

Let Mr. Coffey look into the "History of the Church" by Philip Hughes, for one, to see what's been going on, for Father Hughes has no qualms in saying that Alexander tried to install his own children in high posts. And if Hughes is to be disqualified for being British, Drs. Neill and Schmandt are surely not, and no censor kept them from saying that "Innocent VIII was the first pope publicly to recognize his illegitimate children. Sixtus IV involved himself in a plot to assassinate the Duke of Florence, etc., etc.," ("History of the Catholic Church," p. 289). . . .

WILLIAM E. MAY.

Whitefish Bay, Wis.

LIBERAL ARTS

"LIBERAL ARTS AND PUBLIC POLICY" by William Benton [*SR* Aug. 15] concerning education was one of the best I have read in your excellent magazine. Mr. Benton mentions the Harvey White series of movie films concerning the teaching of physics. A group of us in Hillsboro would like to consider purchasing some of these for our high school. Where may we order them? In the same issue, the John Mason Brown study of George Sessions Perry was extremely well done.

DICK CASON.

Hillsboro, Tex.

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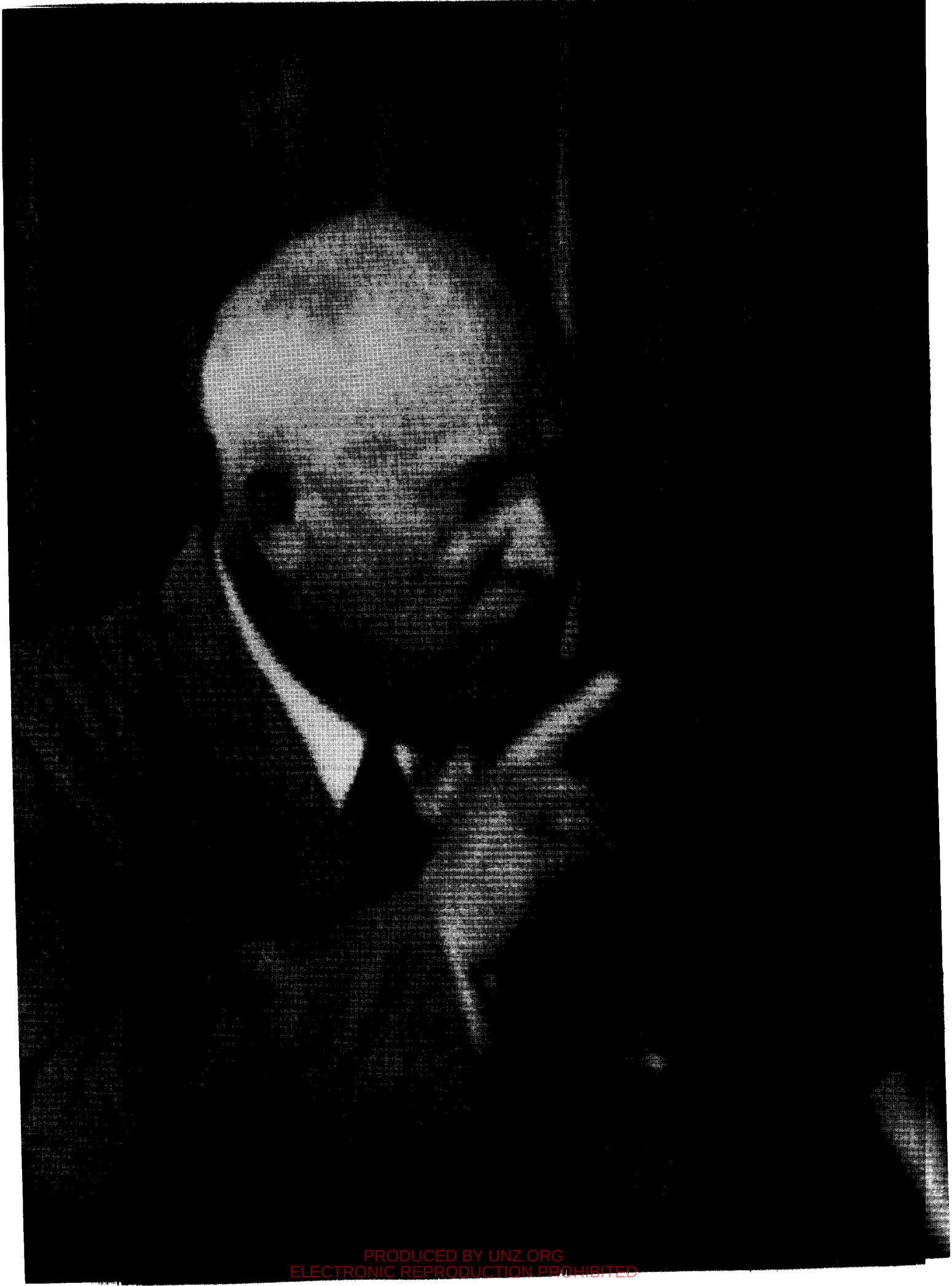

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KHRUSHCHEV'S THIRD VISIT

When Mr. Khrushchev set foot on American soil for the first time you were two long steps ahead of him.

Thus far, you know more about him than he does about you. You have seen him in different moods and circumstances. You know how he walks and talks and laughs and looks. And on the basis of this eyewitness experience you have been able to form an impression of how he thinks.

Your first meeting with him was on the memorable interview in the Kremlin, broadcast on *Face The Nation* over the CBS Television Network on June 2, 1957.

The decision to present this broadcast was an important one for electronic journalism. For it was clearly predictable there would be people who would consider that Mr. Khrushchev's opportunity to face our nation was a propaganda victory for the Communist world. It was decided, nevertheless, that the American people, in Thomas Jefferson's words, could be "safely trusted to hear everything true and false and form a correct judgment."

It was an event that was acclaimed *almost* without exception as the most useful, enterprising and extraordinary achievement in the history of electronic journalism.

Your second searching look at Mr. Khrushchev occurred only last July when all the television networks brought you his rough and tumble tour of Moscow with Vice President Richard M. Nixon. Even though you might have read every word in your newspaper that passed between Mr. Nixon and Mr. Khrushchev —you could never have understood them so clearly as when you observed every gesture, expression and inflection of voice.

During the next two weeks you will have a third opportunity to penetrate the nature and personality of the leader of the Communist world.

As Mr. Khrushchev travels through our cities and towns and factories and farms, we hope he receives as clear and objective an impression of us as we will receive by reading our free newspapers and watching him on our free television screens.

Whatever comes of this historic visit, network television will provide the kind of information and understanding that can only result when people can see for themselves.

In addition to the daily on-the-scene reports carried on the network's regular news programs, the CBS Television Network will present a series of seven special news programs covering Mr. Khrushchev's visit.

Together with the coverage of the visits of the President to the heads of State in Europe, and his trip to the Soviet Union, this series can help you to become an eyewitness to history.

CBS TELEVISION NETWORK

Tues., Sept. 15, 7:30 pm EDT
Arrival at Washington airport; drive to Blair House.

Wed., Sept. 16, 8:00 pm EDT
Highlights of National Press Club press conference in Washington.

Thurs., Sept. 17, 7:30 pm EDT
Activities in New York City. Address at the New York Economic Club luncheon.

Mon., Sept. 21, 10:00 pm EDT
Highlights of appearance at the United Nations; on-the-scene reports of visit to Los Angeles and trip to San Francisco.

Tues., Sept. 22, 7:30 pm EDT
Arrival in Des Moines, Iowa; visit to Iowa State Agricultural College at Ames.

Wed., Sept. 23, 8:00 pm EDT
Inspection of Roswell Garst farm in Coon Rapids, Iowa.

Thurs., Sept. 24, 7:30 pm EDT
Highlights of visit to Pittsburgh; summary of entire U. S. tour.

The schedule above represents part of a series of 14 broadcasts sponsored by the Firestone Tire and Rubber Company, which began with the President's visits with the heads of State in Bonn, London and Paris and which will end with his projected trip to the Soviet Union.

CBS NEWS will be covering every step of Mr. Khrushchev's visit to this country and will report it fully on 35 regularly scheduled network news broadcasts in addition to the broadcasts listed above. The network will also break into its schedule with other special broadcasts whenever it is necessary to bring you immediate coverage of all important events.

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An open invitation to the Steel Union:

Join us in a forward step

Steel companies are spending billions of dollars to modernize mills, methods and products.

But America, the world's greatest steel user, can never enjoy the full benefits of this multi-billion dollar program until the steel companies' labor agreements are as modern as the machinery in the mills.

The steel companies extend this invitation to the Union:

Join us in taking a forward step to help reduce wasteful, out-of-date practices; help pave the way for increased production, improved productivity, and resulting savings which can be shared by employees, stockholders and the public — without contributing to inflation.

Specifically, we have asked the Union to cooperate with us in:

1. **Improving** the language and the spirit of the labor agreements to bring them up-to-date with modern operations and to reduce causes of misunderstanding and friction that have developed in the past;
2. **Protecting** thousands of innocent workers by discouraging irresponsible acts of a lawless few who engage in unauthorized or "wildcat" strikes;
3. **Retarding** further inflation by dropping the experimental cost-of-living adjustment clause in the 1956 agreements. This clause, intended to spare steelworkers from the effects of inflation, has proven to be itself inflationary and thus self-defeating. All of the 17¢ an hour added to wage rates under the clause since 1956 would be retained.

These contract changes, accompanied by a cooperative attitude on the Union's part, would, we believe, pave the way to enable the companies to generate new economic progress to be shared with their employees.

Accordingly, in return for agreement on these contract changes we have offered to negotiate a non-inflationary two-year agreement providing an increase in pension and insurance benefits this year, and a modest increase in wages next year.

Such an agreement would place the steel companies in a stronger position to compete with other materials and with imports of foreign-made steel . . . It would give employees improved benefits, higher wages and greater job security . . . It would help hold the line against inflation.

This proposal does not threaten the basic rights of Union members in any way.

The companies recognize that the Union has a responsibility—and a legal right—to represent the interests of its members. The Union, on its part, should recognize that the companies have the right and obligation to manage their plants to the maximum benefit of employees, shareholders, and the public.

In these modern times, with great progress already achieved and even greater progress visible on the horizon, cooperation — not opposition — is the mark of real leadership.

Only with a cooperative attitude on the part of the Union and its leadership can the steel industry fully meet the needs of America and help curb inflation.

We urge the Union to join us in taking this forward step.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

The Young Frenchmen

IN FRANCE, SERIOUS young men take movies seriously, and a good many of them aspire to be film directors. Such ambitions in our own country generally lead to frustration or to the making of TV commercials, but in France, where a subsidy program exists for movie production, the youngsters have been getting their chance, and making impressive use of it. The current expression, "the new wave," has been used to describe what is not necessarily a movement, but a group of new and often young filmmakers who, in the past eighteen months, have made several striking films. Their ages range from twenty-three to forty-seven; names with the most lustre are those of Louis Malle, Claude Chabrol, Marcel Camus, François Truffaut, and Edouard Molinaro. Malle's "The Lovers" has already been reported on in this column, and a fall opening is also planned for Claude Chabrol's **"The Cousins."** Chabrol wrote, directed, and produced the movie. He is twenty-eight, made an earlier do-it-yourself film called "Le Beau Serge," and seems to have learned most of his film technique as a movie critic, of all things!

I'm not sure that "The Cousins" is an unqualified masterpiece, but it is uncommonly interesting, and at times brilliant in its capturing of atmosphere and its fixing of contemporary Parisian types. It tells of two cousins, Charles and Paul, both law students, one earnest, hard-working, sensitive; the other clever, superficial, and more than a little decadent. Charles is from the country, and shares his cousin's city apartment during his last year of law study. What goes on in that apartment, decorated according to the more sophisticated boy's taste with African masks, a collection of old firearms, and a snake in a bottle (among other interesting objects), is what mainly makes up the story. Paul's friends, amoral, happy-go-crazy, stream through the apartment on a round of parties, while Charles, disappointed in his love for a girl his cousin has taken on for a mistress, studies away, a not-so-eager beaver, but a beaver nevertheless, dutifully writing letters to his mother in his spare moments. The irony is sometimes a little heavy, especially when Paul gets through his examinations without studying while Charles fails, but the climax is shocking and sobering.

Among the more fascinating types in Paul's crowd are Clovis, a marginal, parasitic fellow of thirty who has apparently been unable to forget his university days, and Florence, a sweetly pretty girl of twenty, who has confused sensation with love, and who finds herself responding physically to Paul, but "in love" with Charles. The girls in the crowd tend to gravitate from one young man to another, and the males are equally gravitational, although now and then one of them gets "serious," and embarrasses the others. Whether such atmospheres exist in Paris or anywhere else, and whether it is essentially "beat" is not so much the point as the fact that Chabrol has caught a contemporary mood here and with the good taste not to judge it too moralistically. In other words, his eye and his sense for detail is—and there is no other word for it—extraordinary. The apartment is recognizable whether or not one has ever been in such rooms, the girls are exactly so, the amusements are frenetic and futile, and Chabrol has caught the attitudes of his young people, "fixed" them without being satirical. The subtitles are wanting in capturing all the flavor of the dialogue, but the acting is superb. Jean-Claude Brialy as Paul has the best of the roles and makes a haunting figure out of the decadent young student. Gerard Blain as the country cousin is perfect, and Juliette Mayniel is not only pretty, but looks like a genuine girl, as she attempts to sort out her tangled feelings and slowly lapses into her pattern of promiscuity. Chabrol's cutting seems arbitrary on occasion, and now and then one catches a slight lapse into pretentiousness, but there is not the slightest doubt that he has broken through the film barrier and has come to grips sensitively and evocatively with a mood of our times.

* * *

Edouard Molinaro, another comparative youngster, has turned to melodrama and has come up with a superior example of the form with **"Back to the Wall."** The story is clever, devilish, and ironic, as it shows a husband who has discovered his wife's unfaithfulness, taking his revenge by posing as a blackmailer of the guilty couple. This leads to one interesting and gruesome complication after another, but even so, all might have turned out entirely routine were it not for the ex-

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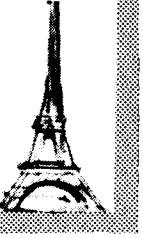

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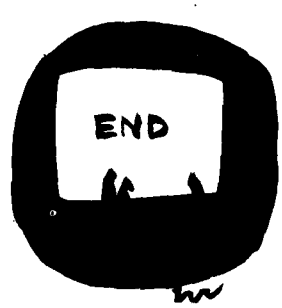
pert characterizations and the psychological motivations, which have a way of ringing true. The husband is handled strongly by Gerard Oury, and the wife is played by the fascinating Jeanne Moreau (she is again the adulterous wife in "The Lovers"), who seems to be able to do more with a droop of the lips, or a glance of the eyes than most actresses can accomplish with a brilliant line of dialogue. Blessed neither with ravishing beauty, nor the figure of a Bardot, she is nevertheless all female, albeit the more subtle sort. She is also a wonderfully capable actress. Molinaro spins the tale along with the hand of a master, leading one to wonder whether long experience is as necessary for good movies as for bad ones.

* * *

Meanwhile Hollywood (which has only one young director of note, Stanley Kubrick) continues to turn out movies, among them **"The Blue Angel,"** a 20th Century-Fox effort with May Britt and Curt Jurgens in the now classic roles played by Marlene Dietrich and Emil Jannings. I'm sorry to say it looks unlikely that they will ever make the Museum of Modern Art Film Library. Curt Jurgens is, on the whole, commendable for his efforts to portray the prissy German schoolteacher, but Miss Britt is utterly at sea with her plum of a part, and seldom manages to look anything but a healthy, pretty Swedish girl with heavy blue eye-shadow. It is unfair to compare her legs to Dietrich, and anyway it is what Dietrich did with them that counts. As for the story, it moves heavily along its familiar predictable course, and provides a less sorry fate than its predecessor for the poor, bedazzled professor who should have stayed in his classroom. By making the setting contemporary German all point was naturally lost to begin with, for I doubt that any conceivable parallel can be pointed out between the West Germany of today and the Germany of 1930. Edward Dmytryk's direction has not the slightest bite, and the songs, which reflect a previous period, seem strangely archaic. Museum pieces, I suppose, are best left in the museum. —HOLLIS ALPERT.



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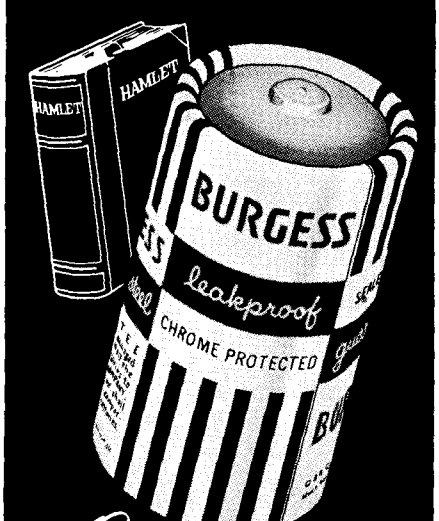

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"MOSCOW IS *a drab, ugly city—the only city I have ever seen which builds its slums new. Moscow's handful of skyscrapers—the product of Stalin's vainglory and his love of wedding-cake, neo-Roxy architecture—had, like Stalin's face, the pockmarks of time. The airport, which by rights should have had at least some of the superficial virtues of a Potemkin village, was a series of runways, one administration building, a single hangar able to service perhaps three planes, and an apron."*

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Juneau's Bustin' Out All Over

JUNEAU.

MY FIRST look at Juneau in what is called southeastern Alaska destroyed in a glance the Alaska image of tundra, Eskimos, sled dogs, and the wild frosty frontier. Instead it stoked some tender, nostalgic memories of early summer days in summer hotels in the villages of the Adirondacks. There, as they were thirty years ago, were the evergreens, the hilly streets, the old-fashioned clapboard buildings. I would not have been surprised if a woodland path covered with brown pine needles stretched on a circuitous route from the hotel into town, nor if the shops on main street carried birch bark canoes suitable for mailing and pine-needle pillows lettered with the snappiest legend I can remember from those days, "I Cry for You and Balsam."

Southeastern Alaska is the geographical term given to that panhandle which dribbles down from the main land mass and runs along the coast of Canada for 700 miles. It is a maze of islands and bays, of mountains and driblets of land, of wood and fish and waterpower. It is the locale of the old Russian towns of Wrangell and the Russian capital at Sitka. And it is where the summer cruise boats take thousands of tourists who want to dip their toes ever so gently into the great rugged northland.

There wasn't a big white clapboard summer hotel to complete my Adirondack memory, only the big-city stone façade of the Baranof which, this hectic summer, was a mad jumble of travelers day and night. If its service succumbed to the onslaught, and the management seemed at times indifferent, the prices, at least were always up to big-city standard. And even if the coffee shop blamed its daily shortages on the failure of "the boat" to arrive in time—waitresses like to talk a frontiersy game up here—still its grill is the best place in town for a square meal and the food prices, at least, don't suffer from the far-north inflations of Fairbanks, for instance.

In Juneau, you could have your hair cut at the Capital Barber Shop by an "advanced student" for $1.50, or $1.75 for a flat-top. And the tab was fair over at the Red Dog Saloon, which looks more Alaskan than most places in Alaska. Sawdust covers the floor, snowshoes and mooseheads decorate the walls, and a happy character named Hattie Jessup, who looks as if she walked out of a George Price drawing, bangs on the piano. Her playing costume includes a hat and a harness made of sixty-five silver dollars. Although Juneau had its beginnings in a gold rush, the Red Dog has no such romantic origins. The bar is merely a made-over bar and grill and the current owner got the name from a television show. The Red Dog came full circle when Ed Sullivan's troupe came up to do an authentic location show in Alaska, and fell on the Saloon as just the thing. The place was closed for several days while the television brains redecorated the walls and put in different tables and chairs. Local talent was invited to appear in the proceedings, but no Sullivan money changed hands aside from the bar bill racked up by the crew, and all the Red Dog got out of the deal was the publicity.

Even before it was tapped by the entrepreneurs from Manhattan, the Red Dog was proving a gold mine,

—H. S.

In Juneau's museum, a totem pole figure of Lincoln.

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about the only gold mine, for that matter, still making money in Juneau. The Alaska-Juneau Gold Mining Company's huge plant on the Gastineau Channel has been shut down since 1941. It remains a monument to the last effort to drain gold out of these hills, a venture that began in 1880 when Joe Juneau and Dick Harris, a pair of prospectors, decided to see if all those Indian reports were true. An important discovery was made in Silver Bow Basin, a valley behind the present location of Juneau. A colony of 100 miners was soon chipping and sifting, and in their salad days the Alaska-Juneau and the Treadwell mines were taking out over 20,000 tons of ore a day.

Some of the relics of the mining days are on view in Juneau's museum on the hill, including gold nuggets which the Indians used to shoot goats. These same Indians freed from slavery in which they had been held by other tribes revered Abraham Lincoln, and in 1870 a totem pole figure of Lincoln was erected at Tongass Village. Enclosed now in glass and reposing on the hill, it has become the hallmark of the museum. Indian Chilkat blankets made of mountain goat wool and cedar bark in the collection, are valued at $750 on the current market. Ten years ago when these blankets were made there were only eight women left in the northland who knew the secrets of their manufacture.

The Eskimo brass pipes have an Oriental look, for the Alaska Eskimos traded with the Siberian Eskimos and the Siberians traded with the Chinese. Relics of yet another Oriental influence are the 37 mm cannons captured on Attu. The whole Japanese campaign in the Aleutians seems to be spoken of *sotto voce* hereabouts. The Japanese have put up money for a new pulp mill at Sitka and they have Alaska interests in iron deposits, oil leases, and wood.

YOU CAN trace the air age in Alaska there on the hill in Juneau. There are bits and pieces of the crash far north at Point Barrow that brought death to Will Rogers and Wiley Post on August 15, 1935. Commercial flights had been started by Pacific Alaska Airlines three years before. Captain W. J. Jones who piloted the plane carrying the first airmail is still flying for Pan American on its runs from Miami to Latin America. And Pacific Alaska has become Pan American, which now flies from Seattle north as far as Fairbanks with service through the panhandle to Ketchikan and Juneau and to the trig little airport at Whitehorse in Canada's Yukon Territories.

The only place in all Alaska where we found Alaskan museum pieces for sale was at Juneau's Nugget Shop. Run by Belle Simpson, an old Alaska hand, many of the pieces were collected by her father, Robert Goldstein, a furrier and a trapper who came to Alaska from England. More than 800 pieces, many of them still in crates in the cellar, are from the James Wickersham Collection which was on display in Tacoma for forty years. There are shell headdresses, trading beads woven with Chinese coins, intricately carved *muc muc* sheephorn spoons, copper face masks with abalone teeth valued at $1,500, carved halibut hooks, seal floats with deep blue trading beads for eyes. I would also commend any visitor to a look at the Harbor Leather shop which, though it is situated in the wrong part of town, has the most unusual assortment of fur skins this side of Kashmir. It makes shoes of processed salmon skins, coats of rare Pribilof seal, leopard seal coats and boots popular with bush pilots and far-north truck drivers, and coats of unborn seal on which it is years behind on even though the price is $4,500 per coat.

JUNEAU is the gateway to Glacier Bay National Monument a preserve with an inventory of more than twenty big glaciers and a number of smaller ones which it hardly bothers to count. However, the state capital has its own private ice cake, known as Mendenhall Glacier, thirteen miles from town. It is in fact a river of ice almost two miles wide that turns blue on overcast days. It is stopped dead at the edge of Mendenhall Lake, which is dotted with small ice cakes in mid-July, and is frozen over for skating in mid-winter.

Late in July the salmon come in from the ocean and swim up Salmon Creek, turning yellow and purple in the fresh water. On the way to Mendenhall Glacier you can stop by the bridge and watch them ripple through the shallow stream. Now three years old and weighing about fifteen pounds, some of them are so broad from back to stomach that they break the water when swimming straight up. The females flap over on their sides, dig holes in the sand, and lay eggs in the same place sought out by past generations. Then the salmon will die and wash up on the banks and perfume the area, also providing the seagulls with the biggest fish dinner of the year.

Although all of Juneau comes to a standstill for the annual salmon derby late in July, Ketchikan, on an island down the panhandle, makes no bones about calling itself the Salmon Capital of the World. They capitalize the word salmon in Ketchikan where you can catch a king right in front of the fishing camps not eight miles out of town. King salmon average thirty pounds, but they will run anywhere from six to seventy-five pounds. In some seasons you can see sea lions

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

HEARTHSIDE HOMICIDE

Fannie Gross, of Asheville, North Carolina, asks you to identify these ten literary characters who killed members of their own families. Answers on page 34.

1. This Scottish robber unwittingly slew his own father, whom he had never seen before, and escaped to America.
2. After his nephew had shot his fiddle from his hands, this Kentuckian returned the shot through the nephew's head.
3. For the sake of science, this man murdered his fantastic son with a shot of strychnine chlorhydrate.
4. To avenge her betrayal by her husband, this mother murdered their two small sons.
5. This ex-dentist beat his wife to death when she refused to give him any of the five thousand dollars she had won in a lottery.
6. Convinced that he was doing the right thing, this illegitimate Russian epileptic killed his father.
7. She fatally wounded her drunken father when she pushed him off the porch after he had attacked her with a broom handle.
8. This disillusioned young son of an ill-fated father murdered his two half-brothers and then hanged himself.
9. This mother killed her own son in his bed because he had killed his older brother, who was her favorite.
10. These twins died from wounds inflicted by each other in a fight in which neither recognized the other until too late.

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right from the docks at Ketchikan, which are practically in the center of town. And in some seasons too, you can watch the fishing smacks unload their huge hauls of halibut and salmon at the frozen fish works. The machete wielders in boots and slickers have the heads off the halibut before the fish are slid indoors. There they are carved up one by one, hoisted by winch onto a palette, where a fish butcher whittles away, slicing the meat in deft strokes. Meanwhile, fishwives are hard at work on the heads carving out the halibut cheeks.

Ketchikan has not yet begun to attract tourists beyond those who pause for a few hours on the way up north on their cruise boats. Its Hotel Ingersoll is still a friendly place, one of the few Alaskan inns where the staff is not in a hopeless tizzy. But the annual rainfall has been no attraction to the traveler, and what is more, Ketchikan is an island fastness unavailable by railroad or car. Even the major airlines land at Annette Island, where you transfer from Pan American's big Boeing Stratocruisers to the colorful little Grummans of Ellis Airlines which buzz over to Ketchikan on Revillagigedo Island. On the inbound leg Ellis takes off on land, comes down on water, and taxis right up to the seaplane port. It is quite an entrance for anybody on the way up north what with the fish boats unloading 100-pound halibut in cargo nets, totem poles growing in the middle of town, a pair of twelve-story skyscrapers, one pink, one green, mushrooming out of the metropolis, the Ketchikan high school all aluminum and glass shining there on the hillside, a giant new pulp mill down the pike belching smoke like a dragon, the capitalized king Salmon waiting not a hundred yards off the fishing camp docks, and the skies practically guaranteed to be cloudy all day.

—Horace Sutton.

Editor's Note: *This is the third in a series of articles on Alaska.*

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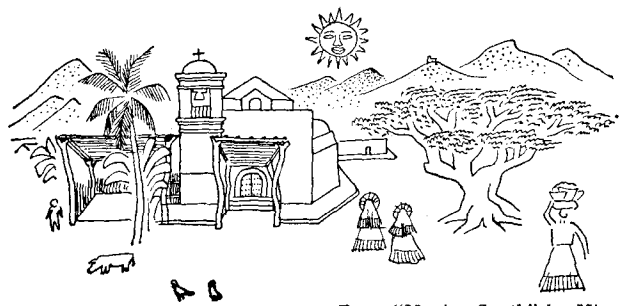

—From "Mexico South" by Miguel Covarrubias. (Permission Alfred A. Knopf © 1946.)

"The Thirteenth Apostle," by Eugene Vale *(Scribners. 347 pp. $4.50), is a philosophical novel which seeks answers to man's questions about his place in the universe. Ben Ray Redman is a frequent reviewer of contemporary fiction for* Saturday Review.

By Ben Ray Redman

WE SHOULD have to go back to Thomas Mann's "The Magic Mountain," I believe, to find a novel as rich in philosophic content as "The Thirteenth Apostle"; and among contemporary writers I know of none who has essayed an allegory as ambitious as Eugene Vale's. This is a book that aspires to greatness, and which may be great, although it has many flaws.

Mr. Vale is concerned with the most fundamental questions that have plagued the human mind. Where did we come from? Where do we go? And in between why are we here? What must we do? What is the meaning and the purpose? Is there a God, and, if there is, how can He permit the wicked to flourish and the good and innocent to suffer? These questions are posed and answered in the story of an ordinary man, a consul in a Central American coastal city, who is shaken out of his life's protective routine by brief contact with an extraordinary artist, and then compelled, almost it would seem against his will, to follow the artist from the safety of the plains to the very peak of a fearsome mountain.

But it is no ordinary mountain that Donald Webb is forced to climb—with all the reluctance of the speaker in Thompson's "The Hound of Heaven." The terrible route that Webb follows leads to religious truth, to the very throne of God, to the knowledge that the thirteenth apostle has not been rejected, that he will never again lose his way.

A brief review can do no justice to Mr. Vale's vaulting imagination, his magnificently descriptive prose, his manipulation of symbols, and his dialectical eloquence. All these combine to make "The Thirteenth Apostle" great.

But the author was not content to let his readers remain upon the mountain, making an allegorical journey. He had to bring us down to factual earth and tell us in flashbacks details of Webb's life before he came to Puerto Carribas. It is a pity, for these flashbacks are incredibly flat, and we do not need to know that Webb has once been an idealist whose faith in himself and humanity has turned to bitter disbelief and black pessimism. We need to know only that he is a man who, when we meet him, is living without purpose in a shell of routine. And it may be added that the ascent of the perilous mountain could have been made just as arduous in far fewer words.

But, even with its major flaw, "The Thirteenth Apostle" towers above most current fiction as El Soledad towered above Puerto Carribas.

COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENSE: Howard Fast's **"The Winston Affair"** (Crown, $3.50) inevitably invites comparison with "The Caine Mutiny." Like Wouk's book, it is a taut, hard-hitting story about a court-martial during World War II. In both novels the court-martial is a stage on which is posed the problem of abstract justice at war with expediency. While the earlier work underscores the importance of accommodation to existing institutions, "The Winston Affair" makes a ringing plea for the primacy of pure principle over practical necessity.

Barney Adams is a young infantry officer, a West Pointer, one of those untainted, faceless boy-men who are the special joy of illustrators for ladies' magazines. But underneath his bland exterior is a solid bedrock of conviction. He is called upon to serve as defense counsel in a court-martial of an over age second lieutenant, a pitiful slob of a man who, in a paranoiac rage, had committed murder. The setting is a miasmic outpost in Asia in which American and British troops have been glowering at each other. Since the murder victim was British, the case becomes a testing ground for Anglo-American relations, and Adams is subjected to remorseless pressure to help hang the defendant. He is forced to decide whether the life of a pathological murderer is worth more than the harmony of allied countries.

What complicates matters is that the defendant is himself a symbol of all that the war is being fought against: he is a foul-mouthed anti-Semite, megaloid, alternately brutal and whining. But he is also irremediably psychotic by all current yardsticks. And Barney Adams, a young man with respect for the authority of psychiatry, swallows his revulsion, beats off the pressures, and carries out a successful defense. ("You can't buy unity with a man's life or with injustice or with a fixed verdict.") Like the sharp attorney in "The Caine Mutiny," Adams has to torpedo a few innocent people in order to gain his victory.

Howard Fast has little appetite for the complexities of human experience, for those spectral gray shapes which emerge from the collision of moral forces. He has written too long in an atmosphere of rarefied heroism. Barney Adams is simply another bold, brave young man in Fast's battalion of heroes.

"The Winston Affair" is entertaining and eminently readable, but it is a minor effort despite the resonance of the theme. It lacks the rich documentation of "The Caine Mutiny," the crowded gallery of characters, the teeming sense of life. In fact, it reads very much like the bare scenario of the movie it is likely to become. There is even an irrelevant little love story involving a nurse who has the good sense to bow out before her presence becomes too obtrusive.

Though Fast's naïve moralism is undimmed, this novel marks a striking departure from his literary past. In it he celebrates precisely those types—the young West Pointer and Mayburt, the conservative but highly principled law officer—whom in the past he identified with the oppressing class. —DAVID BOROFF.

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Missile-Age Man

"A Call on Kuprin," by Maurice Edelman *(Lippincott. 256 pp. $3.95), written by a Member of Parliament, is a suspenseful tale of an orbiting satellite and a British-educated Russian scientist. John Secondari, who is the author of "Coins in the Fountain," is a commentator for the American Broadcasting Company.*

By John Secondari

IN THIS disgruntled and disgruntling age fiction becomes both harder to read, and harder to write. Gone are the writer's powers to transport us into parts of the world and environments to us completely unknown and therefore fascinating. Our world has become much smaller, and the sheer mass of impressions passed onto us by motion pictures, radio, and television have made of us if not well informed, then blasé onlookers of a scene in constant shrinkage. For their drama, complexity, awful importance, and—above all—their stark reality the very problems with which we contend daily, individually or as nations, challenge any writer's imagination.

"A Call on Kuprin" dives straight into this world of stark reality, and in fictional terms pits the lonely man of this century against these awful world problems. The result is an excellent story, but hardly heartening in the sense of the all too plausible actions of its characters and the clear terms in which it once again gives evidence to the uncomfortable suspicion that possibly Man can no longer afford to have a heart.

The Kuprin of the story is an English-trained Soviet scientist who has developed a manned satellite which girdles the world all during the action of the story, periodically emitting messages of peace. But this same mechanical wonder can also be turned into an infallible manned missile, and as such gives the Soviets a tremendous power advantage. It is the considered opinion of the statesmen that a solution to East-West problems can only be achieved when both East and West are in a position of absolute parity: neither of them in the predominance.

It is to achieve this position of parity that a Member of Parliament and a British journalist—both old English friends of Kuprin's—travel to Moscow to try and lure the Anglophile Soviet scientist away from his homeland.

There begins the story, and like all good tales it develops by a sort of free take-off through a mass of essential and unessential details, which if they further delineate the characters, fascinate the reader by bringing Russia, Moscow, Soviet citizens and officials, and the two Englishmen sharply to life. It ends with a gripping, heartbreaking, inevitable chapter, which left this reader whispering "no, no" and yet unable to find an alternative.

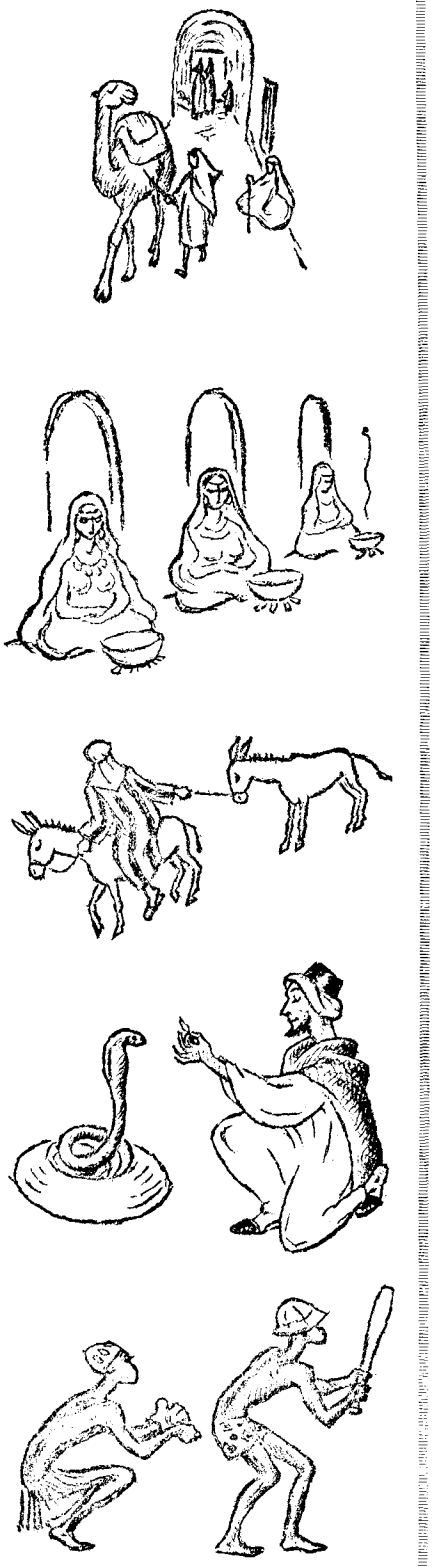
It is said that one of the requirements for writing good fiction is that the writer should be a complete master of his subject. The author of "A Call on Kuprin" is Maurice Edelman, who is a Member of Parliament, a journalist, and an intimate of the Russian scene. Which might give every reader food for thought.

COWHAND IN CAMUS LAND: Ben Lucien Burman is a skilful, humorous storyteller but narrative skill and a bubbling, springlike flow of humor are not enough to hold the reader captivated to the last page of **"The Street of the Laughing Camel"** (McGraw-Hill, $3.95). The chief burden that the reader must carry is the narrator. Ex-cowhand, principal character Yance Cullum from Black Spring, Texas is let loose in North Africa after World War II. He has a background and everything else that should make him an interesting innocent abroad in Africa, but Yance just doesn't pass the "fiction-test" for suitability to that special medium, the humorous novel.

Two minor characters do something to make us care what happens. Mohammed Ben Tahib is a first-rate pickpocket, cheater, and petty swindler, the one convert to Christianity of Miss Peckham's long missionary effort. And Miss Peckham, from Fall River, is the other interesting character.

Yance Cullum decides after the war that "I'd have my own business the way Ma and the big fellows that rode in my cab were always talking about . . . I'd start a laundry over here in Africa." But there is a dearth of business in the oasis where Yance sets up his laundry. Finally the laundry is smashed because of an innocent involvement with an Egyptian black marketeer. Yance takes to the road with a ferris wheel. He is also in pursuit of an Arab girl. After marrying Aziza, Yance sets out for Johannesburg but winds up running a general store in Togoland and teaching the blacks to play baseball (which is supposed to be hilarious). In the end the Yembasi people, incited by the mean-spirited son of the chief, make it literally too hot for our innocent abroad and his bride. Yance and Aziza come to New York and open a pastry business on Washington Street. "Course," Yance predictably concludes, "the pastry business ain't but for a little while. Soon as I get some money saved up we're going back to Africa and start the laundry again."

Alice Caddy's charming drawings hint at the book's delightful screen possibilities. —GORHAM MUNSON.



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WEARY LION: George Garrett, poet and short-story writer, takes a well-known political campaign for the subject of his first novel, **"The Finished Man"** (Scribners, $3.95). His protagonist—he cannot be called hero—is a disengaged young man named Mike Royle, who returns to his native state of Florida to take part in Senator Allen Parker's bid for re-election, and to seek a meaning for life.

Senator Parker, once a New Deal lion but now old and tired, had intended to step aside for his young protégé, toothpaste-smooth John Batten. But when he sees his old enemies backing Batten, he wearily, cynically, takes up the cudgels again.

Unconscionably slow in the beginning because of his fondness for flashbacks, Mr. Garrett finally begins to unwind the tedious scroll of politics and of self-discovery. Mike Royle, "who wasn't sure yet if he had ever loved anybody or was able to" watches distantly as his father is inveigled into splitting the Senator's Cracker vote; watches distantly as the Senator, gripped in the fatal logic of politics, yields to the call of demagoguery until, predictably, the campaign erupts into violence and counterviolence, shocking the cynic and the romantic alike.

There is here, deliberately, a poor view of humanity; Judge Royle fought the Klan not from nobility but because of his search for martyrdom. Even the policeman who saved the assassin did so not out of anything as simple as heroism and bravery but out of his sadistic love of dominating other men. "This isn't an age for heroes. Whenever we get a hero he's a caricature."

In the end, when he is moved to act, Mike Royle is spectacularly ineffective; and his final and modest grail is the intention to, at least, "start trying to clean up a little behind myself." —Borden Deal.

LADY DRIVERS: Absorbing, breezy, authentic, William Bradford Huie's **"The Americanization of Emily"** (Dutton, $3.50), the story of Lieutenant Commander James Monroe Madison, USNR, deals with the loves, lusts, and gaieties of World War II, as fought on the mattresses of London's best hotels. Beyond that, though, it spills over into the shooting war on D-Day, and in spite of its casual style, the book is neither shallow nor specious.

Officer Madison encounters Emily Barham in her duties with a group of volunteer Englishwomen known as Sloane's Sluts. Their ostensible duty: to drive cars in London for Navy brass. Their extended duty: to help win the war as champagne companions for VIPs. Their reward: nylons, steaks, and a Bergdorf-Goodman wardrobe.

But Emily is different. Through her directness, her innate honesty, and her charm, Officer Madison slowly loses his cynicism to gain a new sense of values and awareness.

Huie is a highly readable and competent craftsman. Except when he lapses into lectioning, his story is persuasive. He writes with blunt lustiness, with few holds barred. When he sticks to his characters and story, he is entertaining. When he wanders off that path, he is dull and unconvincing. —John G. Fuller.

Criminal Record

CRIME AND MR. CAMPION. *By Margery Allingham. Crime Club.* $4.50 "Death of a Ghost" (1934), "Flowers for the Judge" (1936), and "Dancers in Mourning" (1937) make up this mammoth triptych detailing the investigations of mild, bespectacled amateur who has been part of English crimescape for thirty years.

JUST MURDER, DARLING. *By James A. Brussel. Scribners.* $2.95. Well-heeled but jealous New York husband plans perfect slaughter that involves elaborate alibi and much hard driving. Ingenious and fast-paced.

DON'T ARGUE WITH DEATH. *By Leonard Gribble. Roy.* $2.75. English ad gal tizzied when hubby is sprung from jail; his murder fails to solve her problems; Supt. Slade and minions get to work. Brisk start, but yarn quickly overpopulates.

LAMENT FOR FOUR BRIDES. *By Evelyn Berckman. Dodd, Mead.* $2.95. Archeological digs in central France turn up evidence against infamous Gilles de Rais (*obiit* 1440), but undead goatish baron is more of a problem to Melanie Baird, London medievalist. Pleasant semidocumentary, with fine pacé. —Sergeant Cuff.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. The Whistler, in "The Heart of Midlothian," by Sir Walter Scott. 2. George Tussie, in "Taps for Private Tussie," by Jesse Stuart. 3. Douglas Templemore, in "You Shall Know Them," by Vercors. 4. Medea, in Greek Mythology. 5. "McTeague," by Frank Norris. 6. Smerdyakov, in "The Brothers Karamazov," by Feodor Dostoevsky. 7. Hannah Madoc, in "The Apple of the Eye," by Glenway Wescott. 8. Little Jude Fawley, in "Jude the Obscure," by Thomas Hardy. 9. Videna, in "Ferrex and Porrex," or "Gorboduc," by Thomas Norton and Thomas Sackville. 10. Balin and Balan, in "The Idylls of the King," by Alfred Tennyson.

Chess Corner—23

THE SIMULTANEOUS exhibition often is the forerunner of the chess club's seasonal activities. For the uninitiated, it is a performance given by a soloist, usually an outstanding chess master, against an almost unlimited field of opponents, with all games being played at the same time. The record for such an event is 202 games, held by former Hungarian, now Soviet master, Andreas Lilienthal. His final score was 145 wins, twenty-two draws and thirty-five losses. The record for simultaneous, *blindfold play* is no mean achievement. It is forty-five games, held by Miguel Najdorf of Argentina.

The ordinary "simultaneous," as it is often called, is considered more of a physical than mental feat by the exhibitor. He can see in a fraction of a second what the average player will fail to see in an hour. Every so often, nonetheless, a game of rare brilliancy crops up that will long be remembered. The one below was played in a simultaneous exhibition in Philadelphia many years ago.

SICILIAN DEFENSE

	Horowitz White		Carrigan Black
1	P-K4	P-QB4	
2	N-KB3	P-Q3	
3	P-Q4	PxP	
4	NxP	N-KB3	
5	N-QB3	P-KN3	
6	P-B4	B-N2?	

Technically, Black's last is incorrect. 6 . . . N-B3 is better.

7	P-K5	PxP	
8	PxP	N-Q4	
9	B-N5ch	K-B1	
10	O-O	BxP?	
11	B-R6ch	K-N1	

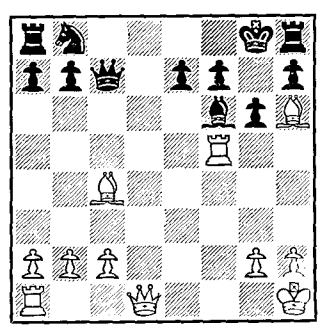
11 . . . B-N2 loses: 12 BxBch, KxB 13 NxN, QxN 14 N-B5ch, and Black's Queen is *en prise*.

12	NxN	QxN	
13	N-B5	Q-B4ch	
14	K-R1	Q-B2	
15	B-QB4	BxN	

If 15 . . . PxN 16 Q-N4ch, PxQ 17 BxP mate.

16	RxB	B-B3	

If 16 . . . PxR 17 Q-R5 and there is no defense. Now White mates in five.



17	Q-Q5	P-K3	
18	QxKP	PxQ	
19	BxPch	Q-B2	
20	RxB	QxB	
21	R-B8 mate		

—Al Horowitz.

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MEN OF ACTION

On Deck with the Little Captain

"John Paul Jones: A Sailor's Biography," by Samuel Eliot Morison *(Atlantic-Little, Brown. 453 pp. $6.50), details the Revolutionary War naval commander's history in a purely factual fashion—an approach that Walter Teller, author of "Search for Captain Slocum," finds wanting.*

By Walter Teller

THERE is more than one way of telling the story of John Paul Jones. The poet has his way; the professor-historian, his. I think you may find it pleasurable, and to the point, to reread these lines from Whitman ("Song of Myself") before moving on to Morison:

Would you hear of an old fashion'd sea-fight?
Would you learn who won by the light of the moon and stars?
List to the story as my grandmother's father, the sailor, told it to me.
Our foe was no skulk in his ship, I tell you, (he said;)
His was the surly English pluck . . .
Along the lower'd eve he came, horribly raking us.
We closed with him—the yards entangled—the cannon touch'd . . .

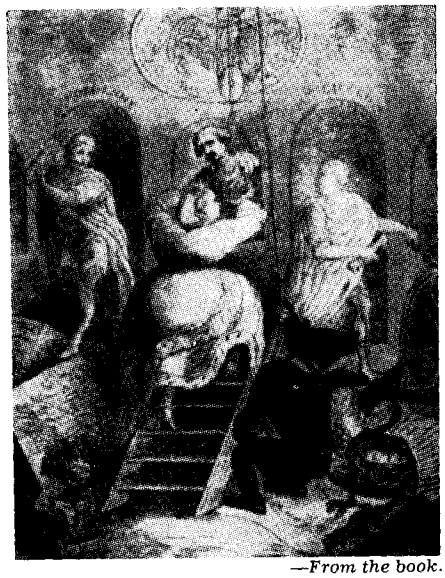
Fighting at sun-down, fighting at dark;
Ten o'clock at night, the full moon well up, our leaks on the gain, and five feet of water reported.

Our frigate takes fire;
The other asks if we demand quarter?
If our colors are struck and the fighting is done?

Now I laugh content, for I hear the voice of my little captain,
We have not struck, he composedly cries, *we have just begun our part of the fighting . . .*

The "little captain" was, of course, John Paul Jones (1747-1792), the Scottish-American naval commander who engaged in the American Revolution, captured the British warships *Drake* and *Serapis*, later joined the naval service of imperial Russia, died in Paris, and whose body, in 1905, was removed to Annapolis.

"Little," is the poet's word. Five feet, seven, wrote early biographers. "About five feet, five inches," says Professor-Admiral Samuel Eliot Morison. How does he know? He explains in a footnote; "five feet, five inches is my guess." And does it make a difference? You see the poet already had the right idea.



—*From the book.*

Catherine II pictured replacing Jones in her Hall of Fame.

What the poet tells is accurate—checks pretty well with Morison—but he does not tell all; does not say the fight was between the *Bonhomme Richard*, Captain Jones, and the *Serapis*, Captain Pearson. However, he got the message. He can leave to historians and professors certain facts: that the duel was part of a larger engagement fought off Flamborough Head, 23 September 1779, as well as all manner of detail concerning same—squadrons, ordnance, officers, battle plans, maneuvers, *et cetera*. See Morison, Chapter XIII.

Captain Jones was losing on rounds when, according to Professor Morison's account, "Captain Pearson called out, 'Has your ship struck?' and Paul Jones made the immortal reply:

I HAVE NOT YET BEGUN TO FIGHT"

(I am following professorial layout.) From the notes at the back one learns "the immortal reply"—oh, that adjective—was not included in Jones's written accounts but first appeared in a memo written by one of his officers published some thirty years after Jones's death. Never mind. Jones won against odds, and the words he said, or should have—for they suited his action—, have inspired not only poets, but also, says Professor Morison, fighters at sea and propagandists for navies.

So if you want to accent the positive, as Whitman did, best leave Paul Jones here. In his closing chapter Mr. Morison writes: "As Emerson well observed, 'Every hero becomes a bore at last.'" Whether or not well observed, Emerson's words do describe some kinds of heroes, military ones more especially. In any case I think one can go further: a biography of a hero who becomes a bore at last is itself in danger of fetching up on boredom.

Professor Morison summarizes:

> There are many ways in which Paul Jones could have been a better man—but he would not then have been Paul Jones. The sea warrior of well-deserved renown, the promoter and prophet of a great United States Navy, was not altogether an amiable character . . . It was his colossal egotism. Paul Jones was never deeply interested in anybody except Paul Jones, or in anything except a navy as a projection of his talents and expectations . . . Nothing on board ship was ever right enough for Captain Jones, and too few officers and men received the encouraging word, the pat on the back, that build shipboard morale and make a commanding officer beloved.

A better man might have made for a better book, that is, one more rewarding to read. "A Sailor's Biography" is a misleading phrase; Professor Morison's own "sea warrior" is better, for according to him Jones went to sea not for love of the ocean, or sailing ships, but for money—blackbirding, privateering, naval service.

The book represents an impressive feat of research—exhaustive, and a bit exhausting, too. It assembles no end of data, corrects errors of facts in earlier histories, examines rumors, provides a broad range of background material such as "Situation in the Black Sea," 1788, when Captain John Paul Jones became Kontradmirel Pavel Ivanovich Jones for Catherine II ("Flag rank was what Jones had always coveted," his biographer writes. What naval officer hasn't?). It describes his women companions, business dealings, and even the route of his funeral procession plotted from old maps of Paris.

But is this literary art? I think not. The aim of biography is not merely to record but to reveal. Proportion is more illuminating than masses of detail. What powered Paul Jones? You read what he did but you don't know what he was.

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—*From the book.*

Sir Walter Raleigh—"touched with genius."

COMPLETE RENAISSANCE MAN: All his life Sir Walter Raleigh struggled to ride uphill: he was determined to force from Fortune favors that she would grant him if at all only intermittently and would then withdraw again. Yet they came easily enough to others less gifted than himself, less determined and industrious, and, as he thought, altogether less worthy. It was maddening, and it produced a rift and a strain in the personality of a man naturally brilliant, ambitious, not a nice man, but undoubtedly touched with genius.

In **"Sir Walter Raleigh"** (Princeton, $6) Willard M. Wallace gives us what is perhaps the best up-to-date biography of him, dependable and accurate, based on all the leading authorities. He deplores the fact that historians have "let the writing of Raleigh biography go by default to the professors of literature and the professional free-lancers." And rightly because Raleigh's career offers so many difficulties, problems, and pitfalls, which only an Elizabethan historian can appreciate, let alone resolve or avoid.

On the other hand, Professor Wallace's picture of Raleigh is rather flat, and uninspiring: it gives one no idea of *how* gifted and scintillating this man was, why he both attracted and repelled so strongly. Raleigh was a man of ideas and very various; he was an intellectual and an experimenter. Such men are apt to make bad politicians; yet he was determined on power. Elizabeth I, whose judgment of men was infallible, never gave Raleigh real power; and this exacerbated him, made him break with Robert Cecil, his best friend and a statesman, at the crucial moment of the transition from Elizabeth to James of Scotland.

It was all extremely unwise—but Raleigh was not a wise man—and he seems to have been more responsible than Cecil for the breach, and thereby the turn of his fate. Everything followed from that: his part in conspiracy, his trial, and his ultimate execution.

I doubt if Professor Wallace understands the inwardness of all this; he certainly has a complete misestimation of Robert Cecil, who had Elizabeth's entire confidence and yet whose prime duty it was to bring about the Scottish succession in peace and order.

Professor Wallace does, however, see that Raleigh knew more about the underground campaign against this man than he ever admitted. And we know in our own day how dangerous it is, under authoritarian regimes, to know too much about conspiracies against them. *How* much Raleigh knew, and what his part in it was, remains a mystery and is likely to continue so. For, in addition to being soldier, sailor, poet, courtier, projector, colonizer, historian, scientist — the complete Renaissance man—Raleigh was also a great liar.

—A. L. Rowse.

Poets

Continued from page 18

often been a standard feature of the college curriculum: an hour on Milton, an hour on Pope (or does Pope share his hour with Swift?), an hour on Wordsworth, half an hour each on Keats and Shelley. Then, as the end approaches, and the writers multiply, the hours are spent on groups and movements—the late Victorians, the Georgians, and so on.

The poets' lives are recounted with appetizing touches of "color"—Wordsworth's Annette, for example. Their most famous lines are quoted, and short summaries of their styles and literary importance are given, to be copied down and flung back at the professors in the blue books.

For the students (and perhaps the teachers) of such courses, Mr. Untermeyer has provided an invaluable book in his **"Lives of the Poets: The Story of One Thousand Years of English and American Poetry"** (Simon & Schuster, $7.95). One hundred and thirty-three English and American poets are treated in these pages, in what amounts to a mammoth survey of their art. He begins, as usual, with Beowulf and ends with Dylan Thomas and includes either quotations or else complete poems by almost every one. Like the other surveyors, Mr. Untermeyer takes first things first by giving the place and date of birth and a sketch of family background. Like them, too, he always attempts a classification of the poet's position in literary history and his importance today.

But, unlike its famous namesake, this is not really a critical book. If the reader has any knowledge of a poet treated here, he will find little of interest. If he has none, he will not be satisfied with what he is offered. That is not to say that the book does not have its value. As a secondary work of reference it can be extremely useful. Its real service, however, is as a guide to the current reputation of various poets. Mr. Untermeyer is first of all an anthologist, and this time he has given us, in effect, an anthology of contemporary criticism. If anyone in the future wants to know how Browning or Marvell stood in 1959, this is an easy place for him to find out. For if Mr. Untermeyer lacks enthusiasm for certain modern writers, he has been dutifully fair to all of them. Besides, one must recognize his right to his own tastes, which are, on the whole, considered and reasonable.

"Lives of the Poets," in short, offers no secrets. But it ought to tempt readers to search for them elsewhere.

—Nicholas King.

Allah be praised!

BEN LUCIEN BURMAN'S new book is a sort of Huck Finn, African style. It's the irresistible story of a Texas cowboy who opens a laundry in Algeria. It's the funniest book in years. John Barkham of the *Saturday Review Syndicate* says: "It is in Ben Burman's best Mark Twain vein . . . and just as funny as *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*."

THE STREET OF THE LAUGHING CAMEL

By BEN LUCIEN BURMAN, author of *Steamboat Round the Bend*
Illustrated by Alice Caddy. $3.95, now at your bookstore. McGRAW-HILL

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Books for Young People

IN THE excitement that always accompanies a season of new books we try not to overlook the old favorites. Some of these good old books are lost to our children because they are no longer in print and thus difficult to purchase. It is a pleasure, then, to find their publishers making some of them available again in simple reprintings or by new editions. **"America Begins: The Story of the Finding of the New World," by Alice Dalgliesh** with pictures by Lois Maloy is out in a revised edition (Scribners, $3). **"Tales Told Again," by Walter de la Mare,** is available with illustrations by Alan Howard (Knopf, $3). This was published originally as "Told Again" with illustrations by A. H. Watson. "The Red Pony," by John Steinbeck illustrated by Wesley Dennis (Viking, $2.75), has been reissued in the same format as its earlier edition, except that the illustrations are in black-and-white instead of color.

Reviewers for this issue: Augusta Baker, storytelling specialist, The New York Public Library; Sarah Jones, chief library consultant, State Department of Education, Atlanta, Ga.; Aileen O'Brien Murphy, children's literature Specialist, The New York Public Library.

—Frances Lander Spain,
Coordinator, Children's Services, The New York Public Library.

—From "Ring-a-Ling"

RING-A-LING: *Verses Adapted from Folk Songs, by Monroe Stearns. Illustrations by Adolf Zábransky. Lippincott.* $5. This book, an adaptation of old Czech rhymes which were collected originally by Petr Denk and published under the title "Do Kola," is a delightful addition to the home library. Public and school libraries, moreover, will find it excellent for exhibition use, as well as for reading aloud to the children. The format of this American edition with its many large colored drawings is identical with the original Czech one. The end papers alone are worth the price of the book.

—Augusta Baker.

THE CAT WHO LIKED TO PRETEND. *Story and pictures by Mary Chalmers. Harper.* $1.95. **MINETTE.** *Story by Janice. Pictures by Alain. Whittlesey House.* $2.25. Here are two very different but delightful picture books about cats. In one of her characteristic small books illustrated in soft colors Mary Chalmers tells of Sam, the kitten with childlike imagination, who sees himself in many roles and even acts out a play, taking all parts including that of the applauding audience. Minette, on the other hand, is a sophisticated French cat whose duty and pleasure it is to protect the great Palace of Versailles from being damaged by mice. Full-page illustrations in both black-and-white and blue-and-gold reflect the French humor of the story.

—F. L. S.

FIERCE JOHN. *By Edward Fenton. Illustrated by William Pène Du Bois. Doubleday.* $2. William Pène Du Bois has made a beautiful little book out of Edward Fenton's lively first reader about a boy who said he was a lion and acted like a lion after he saw the lion at the zoo. It took the combined efforts of all his family before Fierce John decided to become a boy again. This is a satisfying book to look at and to hold in the hand, and should prove appealing to the first-graders, for whom it is intended.

—Aileen O'Brien Murphy.

SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON

John Paul Jones

A Sailor's Biography

"IN THIS life of John Paul Jones are combined scholarship, seamanship, and an admirable narrative style. John Paul Jones emerges from Admiral Morison's book as much of a hero as ever, but much more of a human being than his previous biographers have succeeded in making of him. The life is a brilliant success."—D. W. Brogan

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—From "Seventh Son of a Seventh Son."

PUSS IN BOOTS: *A Fairy Tale as Told by Hans Fischer. Adapted from Charles Perrault, and provided with appropriate explanations and pictures. Harcourt, Brace.* $3. Gallic wit and humor characterize this old tale, told and illustrated with a new strength and vitality—Puss being "of the people" rather than "of the French court." Storytellers will want this delightful book for small children on their shelves along with Marcia Brown's "Puss in Boots."

—A. B.

THE LITTLE RIVER. *By Ann Rand. Pictures by Feodor Rojankovsky. Harcourt, Brace.* $2.95. The author of "Sparkle and Spin" and "I Know a Lot of Things," together with a former Caldecott Award winner, Feodor Rojankovsky, have created a lovely book for young children. The little river, beginning as a tiny stream in the Northern forests feels compelled to go somewhere. The birds and animals along its banks and the meadows, lake, and towns through which it passes help the little river to its final destination, the sea. Here it realizes that it can be a part of the ocean and at the same time be in all of the places through which it has traveled. The sensitive and colorful illustrations are in perfect harmony with the beautifully written prose.

—Sarah Jones.

THE GOLDEN TOUCH. *By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Illustrated by Paul Galdone. Foreword by Anne Thaxter Eaton. Whittlesey House.* $2.50. Nathaniel Hawthorne's "King Midas and the Golden Touch" has been given a new dress, and an attractive one it is. Paul Galdone's profuse use of gold has brought the Midas touch to this favorite story, whose text is practically the same as that of the original. Anne Thaxter Eaton, in her foreword, hopes that "in this new inviting form still more children will enjoy it and find it the gateway to other Greek stories." It will be also a welcome addition to the storyteller's shelf.

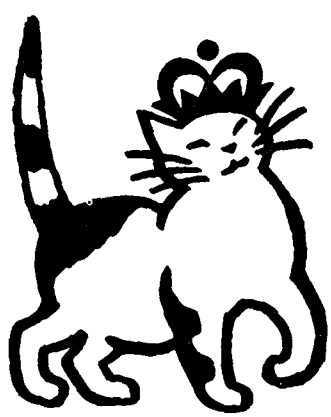
—A. B.

THE YOUNGEST ARTIST. *By Eleanor Frances Lattimore. Morrow.* $2.50. Again Miss Lattimore chooses Charleston, S. C., as the setting for this story of a little girl who loved to paint and of an old house with a lost hidden stairway. Eliza finds the secret door to the stairs, makes a new friend, and sells a painting in this pleasing story for young readers.

—F. L. S.

THE TWO UNCLES OF PABLO. *By Harry Behn. Illustrated by Mel Silverman. Harcourt, Brace.* $3. There is gentle humor and real wisdom in this story of a Mexican boy who lived in a small mountain farm with his mother, Maria, his father, Felipe, and his baby sister, Josefina. The serpent entered their Garden of Eden when Pablo's Uncle Silván brought a letter to Maria that not one of them could read. How Pablo traveled to town on a borrowed burro to make friends with his literary uncle, Don Francisco, makes a memorable tale for younger children. Harry Behn is the author of "All Kinds of Time," "Windy Hill," and "The Painted Cave."

—A. O'B. M.



—From "Minette."

HORSE IN THE CLOUDS. *By Helen Griffiths. Illustrated by Pers Crowell. Holt.* $2.75. Thirteen-year-old Martin wanted a very special horse of his own. He knew his dream was realized when he saw a day-old colt belonging to a band of wild horses. The awkwardness of the colt and the skepticism of his family and the ranch hands did not daunt him. But the deep affection that grew between Martin and the colt was almost destroyed when Martin became frustrated in his attempts to break the pony to the saddle. He learned that obedience secured through cruelty and fear was not the answer. This well-written story about life on the Argentine pampa is illustrated with black-and-white drawings.

—S. J.

SEVENTH SON OF A SEVENTH SON. *By William Littlefield. Illustrated by Harold Berson. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.* $3.50. Percival Pounce, aged fifteen, was the seventh son of Phineas Pounce, a wealthy Bristol merchant who was himself a seventh son. According to the superstitious folk, Percival should have second sight, the ability to predict the future and to work magic. The author of "The Whiskers of Ho Ho" has told a good story for older boys, full of action, laid in the period of English history when it was proper to be a pirate in the service of the king.

—A. B.

MARY JANE. *By Dorothy Sterling. Illustrated by Ernest Crichlow. Doubleday.* $2.75. This is the story of a pretty, young Negro girl who became a freshman in a newly integrated, Southern high school. Honest and interesting, it is told without hysteria or sentimentality. Mary Jane learns at first hand to recognize prejudice in herself as well as in her white schoolmates, and, along with hatred, she finds kindness and even friendship. The characterization is excellent, the presentation is completely unself-conscious, and the publisher has given the book a pleasing format.

—A. O'B. M.

LOUIS PASTEUR, FIGHTING HERO OF SCIENCE. *By Madeleine P. Grant. Illustrated by Clifford Geary. Whittlesey House.* $3.25. Dr. Grant, scientist and author of "Wonder World of Microbes," has successfully combined the writing of a stimulating biography with the presentation of accurate scientific data on early research in bacteriology. Louis Pasteur is well known for his fight against rabies. Less well known are facts concerning his personal life and his work with fermentations and diseases of silk worms, as well as his other contributions in the field of microbiology. This entertaining biography of a truly great scientist, written with warmth and objectivity, is a real contribution to the fields of science and biography for young people. Diagrams and photographs complement the text. —S. J.

Saturday Review regrets that this is the last BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE section to be edited by Frances Lander Spain, who has resigned to meet the demands of her post as first vice president and president-elect of the American Library Association. Mrs. Spain joined *SR* in April, 1954, following the death of Mary Gould Davis.

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USA

Continued from page 21

aren't we?" young Carter quotes an "Old Guard" legislator as saying.

Governor Coleman vetoed that measure—something the Councils apparently expect to avoid in the future since they recently helped assure the election of a new Governor who is just as frantic in racial matters as are Council members.

This book will be viewed by many well informed on the subject as a rather dry compilation of facts already reported many times in newspapers, magazines, and other books. Others will find disappointment in the book's want of force or central conviction, its lack of the interpretation that the nation needs and a sensitive, intelligent white Mississippian could give. But few readers outside the desperate circle that young Carter describes will disagree with his conclusion:

> . . . the basic factor which will ultimately destroy the [White Citizens] Council as a major force in Mississippi is the fact that it is essentially a negative movement, founded on the defense of the status quo . . . Defense of the status quo, as history has shown often enough, is an arduous task at best. When, in a democracy such as ours, it involves the repression of a minority, it becomes an impossibility.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 848

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 848 will be found in the next issue.

ZYXWVRQPWOWARP

BCARZQA RDW CAEF

RVGRDP RC HW

VWEQWY CA QA Z

AWKPLZLWV.

—RDCOZP SWTTWVPCA.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 847

A man admires a woman not for what she says, but for what she listens to.

—George Jean Nathan.

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During the summer of 1917 they wandered as beggars through China, living by their wits and talking with all kinds of people. The divergence of their basic ideas of society and the fate of China became increasingly apparent. These basic differences are reflected in the dramatic story of the actual birth of the Chinese Communist Party in a storm on Nan Hu (South Lake), Chiahsing.

The book has been annotated by Robert Carver North, Stanford University, who says: "*The story is a revealing one and I commend* it to all readers who search for some understanding of what has happened in China."

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Diplomacy

Continued from page 21

eign affairs. The results are often both philosophically and literally tragic. The classic example is the myth that the United States could choose of its own free will to remain aloof from European entanglements. The myth was coincident with reality so long as the British Navy effectively dominated the seas, but it was never the same as reality. By continuing to act as though the myth were true, American policy was frequently irrational.

Certainly there is much that is plausible in this analysis. However, Halle does not accept the full implications of his argument and conclude that probably nothing much can be done. He makes a strong plea for wisdom, and he asks that those who are not wise refrain from imposing their demands upon the leadership. He invokes the model of the cosmopolitan diplomats of eighteenth-century Europe, dealing rationally with each other, substantially unrestricted by the demands of the masses. But the acceptability of any argument for the elite's control of policy depends upon the "realism" exhibited by the elite. Are the "wise men" free from misleading myth?

Halle is not. His conception that nations behave just as individuals do is invalid on many grounds. Thus: America is a "youthful" and "immature" nation with the excessive zeal of youth that leads to overextension of commitments; yet she was most realistic in her foreign policy at the beginning of the Republic! Halle assumes that there is an objective standard, "the national interest," by which all right-thinking men should judge policy requirements.

What is the "national interest" when the people of the nation differ with each other in interests and values? "Wisdom" is an honorific word to which each may give his own substantive meaning. And to say that "history" is the cause of events is vague enough to lead anywhere. Thus there is little systematic conception of what factors underlie and may explain what men do. There are surprisingly few references to the socio-economic forces which influence policy situations at home and abroad.

Halle suggests that the behavioral sciences can provide valid pieces of understanding but not the overview of broad historical forces at work in the world. His own work suggests that "wisdom" is no substitute for reliable data based on a consistent framework of analysis which the behavioral sciences strive to develop.

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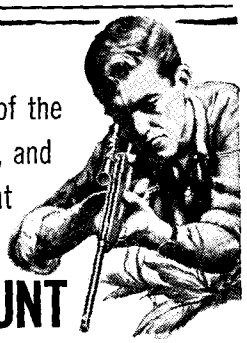

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From the Office Window

By May Swenson

MY ATTENTION the frame for a complication of city roofs:
Various levels, shapes, perspectives, angles. Puffs

from chimneys, ruffled flags on a school tower. Ectomorphic
shadows, flats of late light. Distant pigeons diving, cloud surf

slow-unrolling. A red construction crane north-leaning,
then south. Scrawl of a jet half-circling, caning

the sky. A monster of many surfaces rises to the split-second net
of my eye. How to beach it? Strokes of a pen, fleet

washes of a brush would fetch it eventually almost exact.
The process would be tedious, the body stiff, unlit

at capture. A camera might harpoon, arrest
the big thing whole—but gray and small. A cinema projector

could gulp and then expel it life-sized, intact in all
details, the entire whale still swimming. But the soul

would be hooked, and have to repeat itself just like that:
Chimneys never ceasing their white

evacuations. Shadows never slipping.
Flicking flags forever flicking.

Pigeons always slanting at that distance. The brick whale
never darkening. *Its many scales*

are already lamplit, the spouts and towers dark.
Words? Let their mutations work

toward the escape of objects into the nearest next
shape, motion, assembly, temporal context;

let the progeny of interlapping shadows multiply . . .
Facades of light! Another cumbrous monster has risen to my eye.

Elegy for Simon Corl, Botanist

By David Wagoner

WITH wildflowers bedded in his mind,
My blind great-uncle wrote a book.
His lips and beard were berry-stained,
Wrist broken like a shepherd's crook.

His door leaned open to the flies,
And May, like tendrils, wandered in.
The earth rose gently to his knees;
The clouds moved closer than his skin.

Sun against ear, he heard the slight
Stamen and pistil touch for days,
Felt pollen cast aslant like light
Into the shadows of his eyes.

When autumn stalked the leaves, he curled;
His fingers ripened like the sky;
His ink ran to a single word,
And the straight margin went awry.

When frost lay bristling on the weeds,
He smoothed it with a yellow thumb,
Followed his white cane to the woods
Between the saxifrage and thyme.

And heard the hornets crack like ice,
Felt worms arch backward in the snow;
And while the mites died under moss,
The bright scar sang across his brow.

The Salesman

By Gene Frumkin

ALWAYS the big ruby sun ascends
and the compass points to him.
The lake of his eyes is full of sitting ducks.
Tomorrow is always white as laundry on the line
and the past is dirty water.

So he takes the plane from failure to failure,
buoyant as a ballerina,
with his parachute packed for the next disaster.
He has learned the wisdom of futility: that heaven
is the rumor of his good luck.

Captain Slocum in West Tisbury for W.M.T.

By Ruthven Todd

THE penultimate voyage accomplished and the world
Clenched in a knuckle-busted fist, the age-old plan
Of sailors had to be fulfilled. Hopeful, the old man
Thought of an orchard and of the leaves that curled
In springtime buds, leaves more delicately furled
Than ever sails. Feet on earth now, he could scan
The unmoving acreage of apples, let a breeze fan
Cheeks stung by spindrift which a tempest hurled.

His nagging wife, however, revived thoughts of the dead,
Of the girl-wife buried long ago, under an alien hill.
The laughter of children brought his anguish to a head,
Producing wounds that only open sea could heal.
So the deep-water sailor s t out, as he had done before,
To suffer, as he always did, upon the shoals of shore.

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Rehabilitation Center

By Maxine W. Kumin

IN THE good suburb, in the bursting season,
their canes awag in the yellow day,
the newly maimed mince back to danger.

Cave by cave they come to building their hearing
hard as fists against the jangling birds,
the slipslop of car wheels, walls' mimicries,

the rebuttal of planes. Curbs curse them.
Puddles damn their simplicity. At lot lines
forsythia is a swipe across the face.

Under a wide sky let them cry now
to be coddled, misread a tree, black shins
or crack their knees on countermands;

the downgrade is uncertain for us all.

In time they will grow competent,
love us, test and correct, feel words
on their quiet skin, begin to light our lamps.

Six weeks and they will swing around these corners,
grotesque and right, their appetites restored.
It is true the sun is only heat,

but distance, depth, doorsills
are ridged on their maps until
they know exactly where they are now.

I see their lockstep tight as lilac buds.

Do You Know Him?

By Edwin Honig

NOTHING that clicks in his closeted brain,
Nothing that falls from his feasible tongue,
Nothing that's stamped with his pertinent name
Can ever be wasted or shown to be wrong.
The positive man has made them belong.

The shapes in his shop are always glassed in
Like specimen fish that swim into view
With cards neatly stating their wild origin.
They impress without rousing the angler in you.
The positive man has caught them for you.

But if ever you feel, when his ship shape shop
Is locked, an ink that inundates the day,
A skip in the clock, a tear that won't drop,
Know that such things only seem this way
When the positive man's on his holiday.

Like Country Gardens and the Shepherds Hey

By Byron Vazakas

FLIES buzzed my hammock strung
from porch to pine
where I vacationed, west of Lancaster,
my thirteenth summer, weed-choked
with romance.

Where Uncle Dan's well-hoed tobacco
rows
defined the view, green-leafed against
pink clay,
my sticky hands paged yellow
paperbacks.

Well fed, soaked in Aunt Ida's
lemonade,
my exile was an opera bouffé
where Graustark summered from the
obvious.

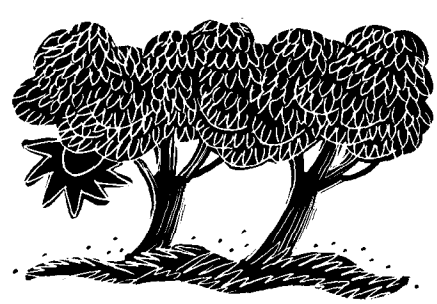
A toot of peppermint an ice-cream
cone,
made up for brain storms stunned by
the three R's
like sunstroke cured with watered
vinegar.

Among the Amish, like a wünderkind,
I took time straight, no duty's
spectacles
to thread time's needle with the
livelong days.

Sand-castled by the Conestoga Creek,
I dreamed alone. July's leaf-heavy
heat
played ducks-and-drakes with crops;
but not with me.

But summer is remembrance of things
past,
as in my past, until, in looking back,
cigars clutched by a wooden Indian

Are tomb enough for Dan; and Ida's
grave
a Cook's Tour album of bright
postalcards
shelved on a whatnot in a shuttered
room.



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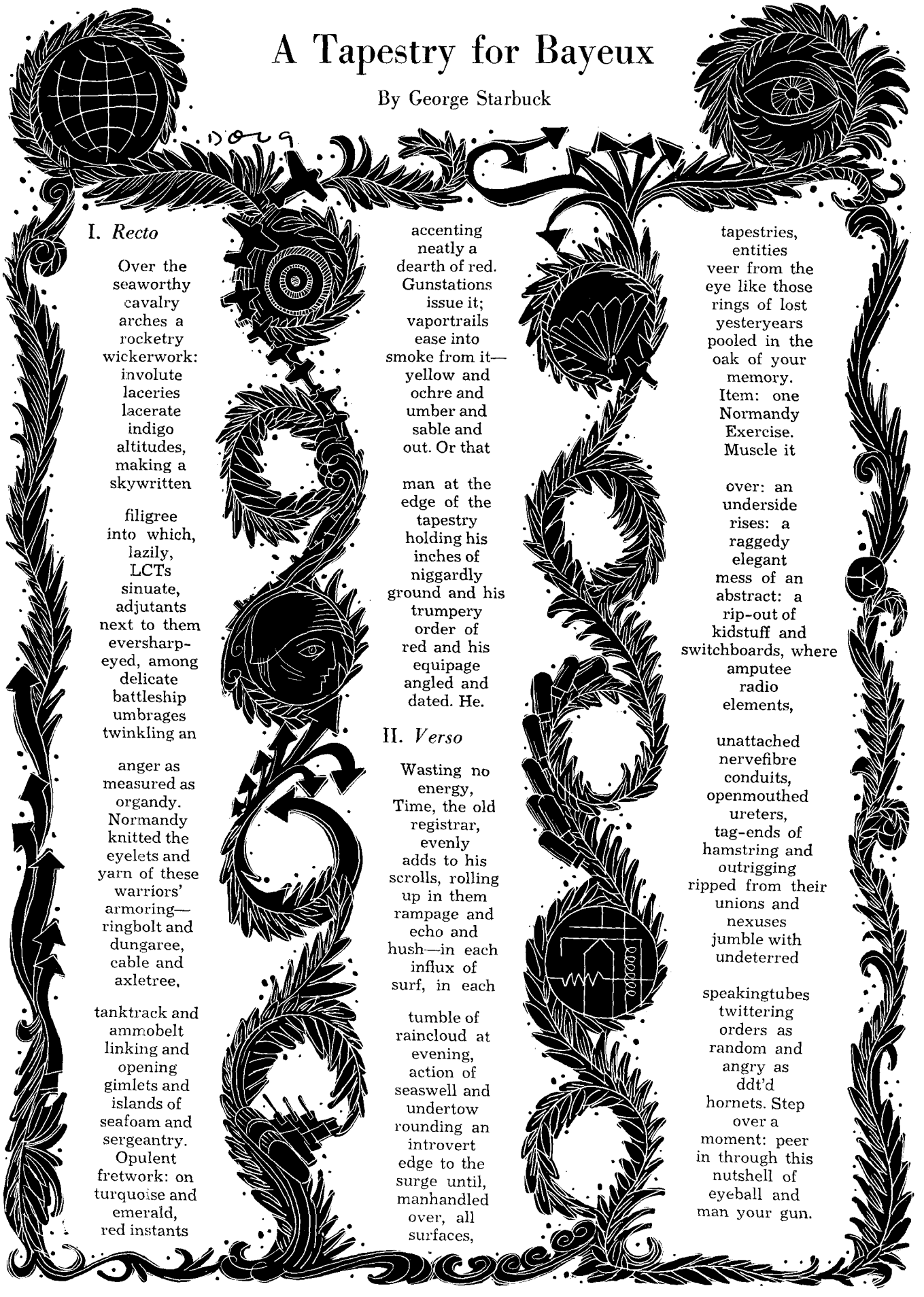
A Tapestry for Bayeux

By George Starbuck



I. *Recto*

Over the
seaworthy
cavalry
arches a
rocketry
wickerwork:
involute
laceries
lacerate
indigo
altitudes,
making a
skywritten

filigree
into which,
lazily,
LCTs
sinuate,
adjutants
next to them
eversharp-
eyed, among
delicate
battleship
umbrages
twinkling an

anger as
measured as
organdy.
Normandy
knitted the
eyelets and
yarn of these
warriors'
armoring—
ringbolt and
dungaree,
cable and
axletree,

tanktrack and
ammobelt
linking and
opening
gimlets and
islands of
seafoam and
sergeantry.
Opulent
fretwork: on
turquoise and
emerald,
red instants

accenting
neatly a
dearth of red.
Gunstations
issue it;
vaportrails
ease into
smoke from it—
yellow and
ochre and
umber and
sable and
out. Or that

man at the
edge of the
tapestry
holding his
inches of
niggardly
ground and his
trumpery
order of
red and his
equipage
angled and
dated. He.

II. *Verso*

Wasting no
energy,
Time, the old
registrar,
evenly
adds to his
scrolls, rolling
up in them
rampage and
echo and
hush—in each
influx of
surf, in each

tumble of
raincloud at
evening,
action of
seaswell and
undertow
rounding an
introvert
edge to the
surge until,
manhandled
over, all
surfaces,

tapestries,
entities
veer from the
eye like those
rings of lost
yesteryears
pooled in the
oak of your
memory.
Item: one
Normandy
Exercise.
Muscle it

over: an
underside
rises: a
raggedy
elegant
mess of an
abstract: a
rip-out of
kidstuff and
switchboards, where
amputee
radio
elements,

unattached
nervefibre
conduits,
openmouthed
ureters,
tag-ends of
hamstring and
outrigging
ripped from their
unions and
nexuses
jumble with
undeterred

speakingtubes
twittering
orders as
random and
angry as
ddt'd
hornets. Step
over a
moment: peer
in through this
nutshell of
eyeball and
man your gun.

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Poetry

(*Continued from page* 15)

again. It seems to have been a quality of Shakespeare's enormous genius that he could foresee blind alleys before he started down them. But he still had to work it out as it came.

"FOR in any esthetic form all the elements must serve a purpose. As Chekhov said, 'If you bring a cannon onstage—fire it.' It is also true of esthetic form that as soon as you bring in an element for one purpose, it starts to serve another. You bring in that cannon in Act One in order to use it for firing a shot in Act Five, and by the time you get to Act Four, you find you have used it as a place for hiding a letter, as the place for two conspirators to meet, and as a device for proving that your hero knows something about soldiering. The fact of art is that everything tends to turn double and triple, and that not only must everything work with everything else, but that it must do so on all levels.

"Shakespeare brings Polonius onstage as a rather pompous counselor to the king, as suggested by Grammaticus. There is also a girl in Grammaticus's account, but Shakespeare decides to make her the daughter of Polonius. For good measure he throws in a son, Laertes. But he does not give Polonius a living wife. It might well have seemed logical to give Polonius a whole family while he was at it. Shakespeare—whatever his reasons—decided not to. The point is that decisions are constantly being made in a good work of art, and that each one opens a new possibility.

"Polonius's speeches to the king make it possible to show one side of his character. Once Shakespeare has given him a family, he finds it possible to show the private as well as the public Polonius. Shakespeare then makes a marriage between Ophelia and Hamlet seem quite possible—an enormous step up the ladder of caste. And in sight of that possibility Shakespeare now has a chance to show Polonius bustling with great ambition. And as soon as he has built that possibility, Shakespeare can achieve the irony of having his busy fool killed by the very Hamlet whose father-in-law he dreamed of being. Every new turning of the plot *makes possible*.

"And it is exactly so in a poem. Each element plays against all the others, and the interplay *keeps suggesting things into the poem*. The exactness and the mastery of a good poet are in the principle of selection by which he lets one thing in and keeps another out. Ideally, he is letting in only those elements that will interplay tellingly toward the total effect. What he is keeping out are those elements that will be merely random, and therefore inert.

"For a good poem has dramatic structure—or call it fictional method, if you prefer. The elements of the poem are, in a real sense, a cast of characters. The metaphors, for example, must perform very much as a scene in a play or in a novel performs itself. One of the most fundamental weaknesses of bad poetry is the lack of such a structural sense of motion—the sense of entrance, development, and motion toward a climax."

"I don't understand what you mean by a metaphoric climax," says the Citizen.

"It's hard to say," says the Poet. "I can only try to catch it in another metaphor. I think of it as a series of releases, like arrows shot into the air on different trajectories. All the way through a good poem those arrows of suggestion are being shot into the air. The implications of an image in line one, the suggestion of an overtone in line two, a shadow of irony in line four, the tone of a counter-voice in line seven. One might wonder—were he to stop and think about it—where all those arrows might be going. One can almost have a sense of hearing them whistle through the air. Then, suddenly, at the true final moment of a good poem, all those arrows thud into the bull's-eye at the same instant. All of them come in at slightly different angles, but when all of them hit dead center and at the same instant—*that* is climax."

"And when they don't?"

The Poet shrugs. "You can try revision. If that doesn't work, there is always the wastebasket."

"You seem to be seeing a poem as a machine for marksmanship."

"Think of it rather as a machine for making choices. Having written three words, the poet must *choose* a fourth. It doesn't just happen: it must be chosen. And having written four, he must choose a fifth. And so on for all the elements of the poem—every image, every metric emphasis, every last comma must be selected for admission. The good poet is defined by the quality of the choices he makes—by the exactness of his demands, and by the rigidity of his refusal to make cheap choices."

"That," says the Citizen, "is a large order."

"HAPPILY, it's a huge order. Why go to art for anything but the hugest and most lovingly involving difficulties? Why die in a puddle when there are oceans to drown in? The object of a poem is not to make itself saleable, but to feel out the perfected rhythmic structure that will release the experience of the poem in the most re-livable and in the most revealing way."

"One more thing," says the Citizen, "and I'll take my confusions home and try them on. You speak of a poem as a machine for making choices. A good machine involves both input and output. If what you have described is the input, what is the output?"

"Knowledge," says the Poet, without hesitation.

"Knowledge?"

"Knowledge. The indispensable *experience of knowledge* that defines a civilized human being. The poem takes a man through the moment of experience to the moment of insight. It arouses and adds to his total sentience."

The Citizen tugs his ear thoughtfully. "Let me think about that," he says.

"Let me urge you to," says the Poet.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1330

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Besmear; make love (slang).	9 134 42 90 46 140
B. Violently or wantonly wicked.	169 118 43 97 61 80 66 38 78
C. One who encounters another, or attends a session of any sort.	186 76 16 123 121 29
D. Toplofty.	48 170 89 100 159 116
E. More ghostly.	181 117 55 120 103 49
F. Literature.	147 136 166 47 65 33 102
G. English inventor of modern shorthand (1551-1615).	23 150 179 75 99 62
H. Mischievous little boy; sea creature that looks like a flower.	32 36 165 132 58 74
I. Champion in any sport.	109 26 71 77 60 184 124 104 108 167 67
J. Tear bottle, such as used by ancient Egyptians.	151 164 41 18 174 5 112 54 139 35 12 70
K. Sovereignty.	50 101 171 175 64 28
L. Vertical part of a staircase.	4 95 39 172 163 87
M. The Quaker Poet.	84 72 185 180 27 133 19 114
N. Greek combining form for "star."	149 135 59 129 91 182
O. Burmese tree whose wood is used for making clogs.	86 106 142 30 127 94 154
P. Amer. bird of family Icteridae.	143 93 73 126 25 115
Q. What Omar's Bird of Time does, now that he's "on the wing."	183 83 63 92 31 24 20 122
R. Star-worshiper.	7 81 22 119 113 137 68 96 111 53
S. Main timber supporting the beak projecting beyond the stem in a wooden ship.	155 162 146 79 178 21 145 56 1
T. Fine actor of the silent screen (Quasimodo"; 1883-1930; 2 wds.).	156 11 8 125 15 85 69 3 152
U. The school class in which the reader leaves Stalky & Co. (2 wds.).	98 45 105 17 110 138 52 168 6
V. Amer. physicist, inventor of the cyclotron, 1931.	131 88 10 144 148 176 160 34
W. Austrian chemist, founder of micro-chemistry (1860-1940).	141 37 158 128 57
X. Disease of a horse's hock, caused by overstrain.	177 44 173 2 40 107
Y. Any detective since Tom Taylor's popular play of 1863.	157 82 153 13 51 161 130 14

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

						1 S	2 X	3 T	4 L	5 J		6 U	7 R	8 T	9 A									
10 V	11 T	12 J	13 Y		14 Y	15 T	16 C	17 U	18 J	19 M	20 Q		21 S	22 R		23 G								
24 Q		25 P	26 I	27 M	28 K	29 C	30 O	31 Q	32 H	33 F	34 V		35 J	36 H		37 W								
38 B	39 L	40 X	41 J		42 A	43 B		44 X	45 U	46 A	47 F	48 D	49 E	50 K	51 Y									
52 U	53 R		54 J	55 E	56 S	57 W	58 H	59 N	60 I	61 B	62 G	63 Q	64 K	65 F		66 B								
67 I		68 R	69 T	70 J	71 I	72 M	73 P	74 H	75 G		76 C	77 I	78 B	79 S		80 B								
81 R		82 Y	83 Q	84 M	85 T	86 O	87 L		88 V		89 D	90 A	91 N	92 Q	93 P	94 O								
95 L	96 R		97 B	98 U		99 G	100 D	101 K	102 F	103 E	104 I	105 U		106 O	107 X	108 I								
	109 I	110 U	111 R		112 J	113 R	114 M	115 P		116 D	117 E		118 B	119 R	120 E	121 C								
122 Q		123 C	124 I		125 T	126 P	127 O	128 W	129 N	130 Y	131 V		132 H	133 M	134 A	135 N								
136 F	137 R	138 U		139 J	140 A	141 W		142 O	143 P	144 V	145 S		146 S	147 F	148 V	149 N								
150 G	151 J	152 T		153 Y	154 O	155 S	156 T		157 Y	158 W	159 D		160 V	161 Y	162 S	163 L								
164 J	165 H	166 F	167 I	168 U		169 B	170 D	171 K	172 L	173 X	174 J		175 K	176 V		177 X								
178 S	179 G	180 M	181 E		182 N	183 Q		184 I	185 M	186 C														

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 12 of this issue.

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